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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BIRTHDAY — PAGE 3**



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## OUR COVER

● Graham Kennedy, who celebrated his 33rd birthday with his wonder dog, Rover, at an after-the-show champagne party (see opposite page). Cover picture by Brian Ferguson.

## CONTENTS

### SPECIAL FEATURES

- Oleg Cassini to visit Australia 4, 5  
Wool Fashion Awards, 1967 24-26  
Vincent Price Cook Book 37-40  
DECORATIVE DRESSMAKING  
Centre lift-out

### FICTION

- The Lion, Yevgeny Zamyatin 27  
The Snake Orchid, Nani Brahm 29  
Single, Age Twenty-Five (Serial, Part 2), Laura Z. Hobson 52  
One Away, Stephanie Scott 57

### REGULAR FEATURES

- Social 12, 13  
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell 17  
Australian Almanac 21  
Compact 33  
House of the Week 46-48  
Teenagers' Weekly 63-66  
Mandrake, Crossword 67

### FASHION

- Dress Sense, Betty Keep 30  
Fashion Frocks 55  
Needlework Notions 60  
Butterick Patterns 67

### HOME and FAMILY

- Three Women Discuss What Marriage Has Meant to Them 41  
Gardening: Plants for Acid Soil 42  
At Home with Margaret Sydney 43  
Prize Recipe, Home Hints 49  
Transfer 56  
Collectors' Corner 61

Page 2

Page 72

# "A wall of fire headed straight toward us"

● From Tasmania comes a steady flow of letters to mainland relatives, writing matter-of-factly about their terrible experiences in the tragic fires. Below, we print one from Katie Gowlland (Mrs. Ralph Gowlland), Lawitta, to her aunt, Miss Dorothy Gowlland, Sydney.



BACK ROW: Mrs. Ralph Gowlland (the writer), with daughters Sarah and Jill; front, her other children, Hilary, Timmy, Mary, Wendy. Also the goats.

I HAVE blown away the ashes and cinders from the dining-room table and shall now tell you all.

The house, barn, and front fence have been saved although it was just a miracle.

On the Tuesday, Ralph went back to his teaching after the holidays, and it was Jill and Wendy's last day at home, so we spent the morning sorting out all the clothing we could spare mending and pressing and stacking it ready for any appeal for the fire victims.

We went to the village about midday and were appalled to see a huge fire consuming the golf course and bearing down upon the primary school — headmaster Mr. Phillips had evacuated the classroom and parents were collecting the children.

It appeared that the entire mill housing area would go up, so Mr. Phillips marched the uncollected children down to the comparative safety of the river-bank, with the flames literally licking at their heels.

One of the crazy things about these fires: they bypassed the school buildings (weatherboard) entirely and burnt all the surroundings.

I brought home all the Lawitta children in our small car, and as we settled down to lunch a huge fire broke out at Magra and burnt in this direction, with the wind behind it.

Jill tried to hose the front part of the garden, but there was virtually no water in the pipes so we got ready.

We put blankets in the boot of the car, spread out a large bedspread in the sitting-room on which we piled the best linen, the school uniforms, our winter overcoats, and everybody's best dress; this was to be seized at the last moment.

We let the ducks and bantams out so that they could fend for themselves, and tethered the goats at the back door.

Then the wind changed to the south-west and we thought the danger had gone, until suddenly everything

went black as nightfall. I assured the children the fire could not possibly cross the river and kept them inside, with all the doors and windows shut so that there should be no draught. (The back wall of the house, you remember, is weatherboard.)

We continued watching, but at five o'clock, with Ralph still not home, I decided we were being silly and we began the milking.

Then one of the goats outside began to scream; Jill stopped milking and looked out and saw a wall of flame roaring and crackling across the paddock and headed straight for us.

We put the goats into the car and got in ourselves. The heat and smoke were absolutely indescribable.

I could see nothing, I had to guess which direction the front gate was, the children were choking, and the goats not bleating, but screaming.

Just then I heard a voice cry "Wait for us, Mummy!" Sarah and Wendy had rushed in through the front door for the clothing and had dragged the unwieldy bundle out to the front path.

I hadn't noticed they were not in the car.

They left the bundle and scrambled in; a sudden fleeting break in the smoke showed me the front gate.

I crawled along the road through the yellow smoke, although the temptation to speed away was overpowering.

I saw headlights coming and almost collided with a whole procession of assorted vehicles, which, had we but known it, was the fire-fighting unit heading for our place — Mr. Triffett at the woodyard had been on the watch all afternoon for the fire to cross the river and had raised the alarm.

I took the children and goats to a friend in Derwent Terrace, who said that despite the gravity of the situation she had to laugh to see so many things pouring out of the little car: goat after goat, child after child. They took over while I went back

to see the house burn down.

There were about 50 men fighting the fire, including prisoners from the jail farm.

They prised the tank top off and used the water until trucks arrived with more water in drums.

Ralph was there — we must have passed him in the smoke without seeing him.

He was keeping the fire off the heap of firewood at the back of the barn. If the barn went, the row of weatherboard houses would also have gone and the fire would have burnt all the way into New Norfolk.

The heap of our most important clothing was ablaze on the front path where it had been left — if we had left it inside it would all have been safe, but what does it matter?

Just as the fire was brought under control, the Drake family arrived from Riverton in their car, and Max Drake said simply, "We've lost everything."

Their whole house was destroyed in about ten minutes. The roaring wind blew a sheet of iron off the roof, and, like our place, the

Max and Phil Drake (his brother) had badly burnt eyes, and Grace took them to the doctor, who gave them all a sedative.

While they were away, Ralph brought home the children and goats. Mr. Excell, across the road, kindly turned his calf out of its pen and let us put the goats in for the night and following day, until Ralph had a chance to build a temporary pen.

The Excells also lent us a very comfortable bed for Phil, who is in poor health at the best of times. We fixed up the study and sitting-room for the Drakes before they returned and went to bed.

Ralph and I sat up all night, doing the rounds of the still burning fences and trees every 15 minutes until daybreak.

Then we dropped off to sleep and when we awoke the Drakes were up and dressed and determined to set off for Riverton.

We forced them to have some breakfast first, but I know how they were feeling.

## A cry: "Wait for us, Mummy!"

We were the same; not one of us could eat. Our mouths were dry and the idea of food was revolting.

We now drink plenty of milk and whatever fruit we can get.

A friend from the mill, feeling desperately sorry for us, on the desolation of our little farm, has brought us apricots and peaches and fresh vegetables. (The bulldozer had to be driven across our burnt vegetable garden in order to knock down the blazing haysheaf, goat-shed, and fowlhouse. It also demolished that costly goat-proof cyclone fence.)

Yet, I feel guilty, somehow, because we don't deserve to be spared any more than anyone else.

It is inconceivable that Riverton, that gracious, dignified old home where no distressed person was ever unwelcome and where everyone somehow became more

cheerful, whatever their problems, should be no more. Or that the kindly, compassionate people the Drakes should now be homeless.

They stayed only a day with us.

Terence Terry, the orchardist at Hayes, who will probably lose the bulk of his harvest from the heat but was not burnt out, has an empty cottage on his place which he has made available, and he and Ralph spent yesterday scrounging odds and ends and fixing it a little.

Why has this happened to them at their time of life?

Mrs. Harper arrived yesterday with the sole survivor of their little farm, a doe kid, which she presented to us. She was nameless, so we could only call her Deirdre of the Sorrows, and though we can ill afford another goat to be hand fed we will manage to keep it until they rebuild and then give it back, probably in kind.

Andrew's prize pig, due to farrow next week, perished, as did all their other livestock. The old house which they have so tastefully restored is a heap of ash.

Boyer Grange is no more. It was completely gutted while old Mr. Darcy Boyer was helping a neighbor save some sheep.

Miss Elsie refused to leave when the fireman came, saying her brother would shortly be back and they would go together. Her body was discovered in the ruins.

Countless old colonial homes have been gutted, among them Roseneath, that lovely stone inn on the main road at Austin's Ferry, which an Italian family recently attempted to restore.

Bridgewater, which is a collection of colonial and modern weatherboard, has been virtually wiped out.

I haven't been to Riverton yet. I can't bear it. Ralph went down the day after to see if anything needed doing but he couldn't talk about it.

I must stop. I have a lot of cleaning to do, the air is still full of cinders, and as I write fires are still raging wherever there is something left to burn.





# GRAHAM'S PARTY

(ROVER LOATHED THE BIRTHDAY BUBBLY)

● At the after-the-show studio party Graham Kennedy gave on his birthday he grabbed a glass of champagne, clutched his head in a Shakespearian send-up, and mournfully told his guests, "Turning 33 is simply ghastly!"

24 FEB 1967

"CHAMPAGNE'S not to my taste," said Graham's Labrador, Rover, looking pious.

GRAHAM KENNEDY, who has added razzle dazzle to the tempering of GTV9's "In Melbourne Tonight" for almost ten years, wasn't exactly delighted to celebrate his 33rd birthday recently.

"Turning 30 wasn't bad — although you feel positively decrepit — but 33 . . . ouch!" exclaimed Graham. He held his right eye with his fingers — that special on-camera mannerism — as if stricken with a migraine.

As he enjoyed his bubbly, Graham said he had only ever wanted to be 21.

"My 21st birthday I remember as a sort of sentimental one. My father gave me a wallet with £100 in it. I nearly died! Dad said, 'Well, it never happened to me. I want it to happen to you.'"

"You can imagine the scene. We all cried."

"I was so overwhelmed I put the money in the bank straight away. It's still there — I think!"

Graham's party didn't get

under way until long after 11 p.m. when the studio glam had been removed.

Guests waited for the birthday host to "wind down" in his studio caravan.

"It takes Graham longer to relax after a national show," explained dimpled Philip Brady, Thursday night's IMT compere. (Graham had been beamed to Sydney. He is seen in Brisbane on Tuesdays, in Adelaide on Thursdays.)

After Graham's breezy arrival, IMT comedienne Rosie Sturgess, who with her husband, Peter McMahon, a company representative, is among Gra's personal friends, planted a big kiss on

Rover drew back in horror at his first lick of champagne and told the assembled company it might be fit for humans but it was no drink for a dog!

IMT director Rod Kinnear made a private personal toast to Graham. They have been close friends since they first met in 1957. Rod has encouraged Graham to overcome his dislike of flying and often flies him in a Cessna.

Graham says he closely watches Rod work the controls — "just in case he should have a heart attack or something and I'll have to land the thing."

Graham recalled that his birthday parties had been going on since radio.

"I started with a meat pie and candles," he said. "But I don't know if we'll keep this birthday thing going for much longer. I want to start back-peddalling."

"Look, I'm beginning to put weight on round the middle. I may stay 33 for the next ten years."

The well-groomed, well-tailored star, who looks little older than in his earliest TV pictures, could just carry it off. I think at heart he is still 21.

By  
CLAUDIA WRIGHT

his cheek. Pretty Patti McGrath joined the queue to kiss the birthday boy.

Gra shared his entrance with his golden Labrador, Rover, who enjoys star rating on IMT.

Rover was led on a silver chain leash by Allan Grindall, Graham's personal manager.



**TOAST RESPONSE**  
from Graham Kennedy  
at the after-show  
party he gave at the  
GTV9 studio, Mel-  
bourne, to celebrate  
his 33rd birthday.



Pictures by BRIAN FERGUSON

**AT THE PARTY.**  
Gra (above) jokes  
with Rosie Stur-  
gess and Patti  
McGrath (right).

**LEFT:** The host  
with IMT director  
Rod Kinnear.  
They've been  
close friends for  
nearly ten years.

**RIGHT:** Gra has  
fun at the key-  
board, to the joy  
of Rosie Sturgess  
and Philip Brady,  
Thursday night's  
IMT compere.





## Next Week

★ Few foods are as taste-provoking as curry — whether mild, hot, liquid, or dry — and recipes for every variety are in our 16-page lift-out . . .

— WOMEN'S WEEKLY —

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FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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Be with it  
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## Favorite fuchsias

★ How to get the  
best results in your  
garden.



COUNT CASSINI

# In search of Australia's loveliest girl

Glamorous dress designer  
Count Oleg Cassini  
to arrive here in March

IN March, Count Oleg Cassini will be looking for the most beautiful girl in Australia to form one of the team of ten lovelies he is collecting from all over the world to appear in the new Dean Martin film "The Ambushers."

(In Australia the magazine "Everybody's" is conducting the quest.)

The film will be made in Acapulco, the top Mexican holiday paradise, with clothes by Cassini. He intends to give a big fashion angle to the rather James Bondish story, and the more international it is the better.

So, in the United States, England, Mexico, France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Canada, Australia, and Japan, beautiful girls are being short-listed for judgment by the man who is an expert

in his own right. And his rights are several.

To start with, it is an international eye doing the looking; he was born in Paris of a Russian father and an Italian mother, and he worked in Rome before he moved to the United States. (See story below.)

And he is looking for more than just a beautiful face and a beautiful body — though both of these will be studied with a skilled eye. ("I think they will have to wear bikinis or perhaps a silk jersey shift of mine — otherwise I might have to use a woman to frisk them, to make sure there are no falsies or corseting around").

This is a basic and important point to this expert male eye, which is in favor of feminine curves.

In a husky American voice tinged with a Franco-

Italian accent, he explains, "This idea of flattening out women like boards is ridiculous. What's the point of trying to make a girl look like a boy?"

"If they were really like that — well, in the simplest terms, the human race would just not be able to go on existing."

He is, in fact, so much in favor of both bosoms and bottoms that he insists they must be in the most perfect proportion possible.

"Of course, in some different ages and different countries, the size and shape can vary a lot in terms of what's accepted and fashionable, but they're still all women, and you just look for the best you can find."

The best that Count Cassini can find has to be more than just a pin-up girl.

The winner of the contest

in each country is sure not only of a film test but of a small part written into the film. So there has to be personality and talent, too, and in this context professional training actresses are just as eligible as the girl next door.

The basic idea is that the winners, as well as looking excellent in a bathing suit, must also look just as excellent when wearing them.

"But we're trying to get

By Celia Henderson,  
of our London staff

away from the stereotypical fashion model. We're not looking, either, for the kind of voluptuous Jayne Mansfield type."

The idea, in fact, is that the clothes and the girl should set each other off.

All this inspection of



BROTHERS Oleg (left) and Igor (right) Cassini with Franco Rubartelli at a costume party. Guests were asked to dress as favorite movie characters. The trio appeared as Mexican bandits. Igor, now a publisher, was the New York columnist "Cholly Knickerbocker."

"All doors open  
for a gentleman  
who has a  
dinner jacket"

GREY-HAIRED, black-moustached, broad-shouldered Count Oleg Cassini is a six-footer, slim-hipped at 53 years.

Cassini looks like the answer to a maiden's prayer — at least those maidens whose standards are set by Hollywood musicals — a Brazilian Errol Flynn, perhaps.

He had been known as the creator of "sexy" clothes and the dress trade was incredulous when he was selected as the "royal" dressmaker — that is, to Mrs. John F. Kennedy — in 1961.

Fashion editors had ignored him, as he ignored their efforts to thrust the chemise on U.S. women.

He resisted the dedication of Paris couturiers, and was reluctant to accept that taste and style were infallible.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1962





CASSINI-DESIGNED leopard coat, worn by Mrs. John Kennedy (left) in 1963, set a fashion.

THE DESIGNER (above) shows his sketches of costumes for Mrs. Kennedy's inauguration wardrobe to a group of fashion writers.

beautiful girls might sound like one of the cosier jobs in the world, but it isn't as easy as that, and the difficulties aren't always labors of love, either.

I pounced on Count Cassini as he flashed through London for a brief 15 hours on his way to Milan, where he has another branch of his business, and en route to Germany, France, Italy, and back to England to judge the London contest before making for Canada, America, Japan, and Australia.

"I suppose I shall get to all these places in time," he said, looking as if he believed no such thing, "but I've also got to finish the clothes for the film — and we're due to start work on it in Acapulco on the first of April."

But the hint of frenzy came from a very experienced eye that is well used to complications on an international scale.

In the States, apart from having designed clothes for about 30 movies and made clothes for President Kennedy's wife, his main business is designing for the top stores.

Like London couturier John Cavanagh, he has decided that private clients don't make enough sense now in the world of haute couture. ("I make sometimes for friends, but that's different.")

And like royal designer Hardy Amies, he works in the world of men's clothes as well as women's.

In the male field his

specialty is what he calls "co-ordinated suits," which means that each suit has three shirts specially designed for it and each shirt has three ties.

One difficulty about this arrangement is that the suit lengths come from England, the shirts come from the United States, and the ties from Italy — which, in terms of transport, working seasons, and labor troubles, makes co-ordination a very hard-working word.

For women's clothes the process is also fairly complicated, because, like Pucci, Cassini designs a lot of the silks and cottons he uses.

These are specially woven and printed for him by an Italian mill in Como. They

are the fabrics, in vivid jewelled colors, for his bikinis, harem pyjamas, and evening dresses that promise to be a big feature of the new film.

But as well as top clothes, he is one of the true architects of fashion in that he has also designed girdles and bathing suits.

So he really looks on the female form with an eye as expert as a sculptor's.

For all his international background, Australia is new territory to him and this will be his first visit.

"I've always wanted to go there, but so far all I know about it is from their tennis players." (Cassini was himself a tennis player in the international class.)

"Apart from the film, I would like to see if we might set up some long-term fashion relationship between Australia and New York."

"They might be interested in my clothes, and I would be interested in their materials. I've used Australian wool in New York and I'd like to see what else there might be around."

I suggested kangaroo fur and the Count looked enthusiastic, but then wary.

"How about the kangaroos, though?" he said anxiously. "I remember once I designed a leopard-skin coat for Jackie Kennedy and suddenly everyone was wanting leopard coats."

"The next thing we knew, the Animal Preservation

people were worried and angry because too many leopards were getting shot."

So it seems that once you get into the American market anything can happen, and perhaps the kangaroos had better watch out, too.

Meanwhile, though, this hunter's first quarry is a beautiful girl who might make a fortune in films.

By this time he will have got into the swing of it with contests in Europe.

As he left London for Italy, he kindly invited me to join him when he came back later and help him judge the English competitors.

Of course I said I would — but you can't tell me that that one needs any help.

What especially puzzled the trade was that Mrs. Kennedy was known to admire French couture, including the chemise.

Oleg has always made clothes for women who like to look pretty, sexy, and attractive, and who consider what a man likes them to wear, said fashion consultant Bettina Ballard.

Cassini denies it. "My clothes make a woman look appealing, not sexy," he maintains.

He has had his ups and downs in the 16 years since he ceased to be a Hollywood film costume designer, touching bottom in the 1956-1958 chemise years, soaring in the White House years, 1961-1963.

Cassini, or, more properly, Oleg Loiewski-Cassini, was born in Paris on April 11, 1913. His mother was the former Countess Marguerite Cassini, daughter of an ambassador to the United States, his father Alexander Loiewski, a Russian diplomat.

Oleg grew up in Russia with his younger brother, Igor, watching the Imperial

Guards of the Tsar drilling and the battleships in the Black Sea when his father was diplomatic attache with the Navy.

During World War I when the Tsar was overthrown, the Loiewski-Cassinis were in Copenhagen. They were cut off from their funds, but being out of Russia they escaped having their heads cut off.

The family went to Switzerland, then Italy, where the Countess opened a dress shop in Florence. She catered to friends in society and diplomatic circles, one of whom took Oleg to Paris when he was 13.

On his return, Oleg showed his mother some sketches he had made. These impressed her so much she let him design three gowns for her collection. They became best-sellers.

He was educated in Florence and Rome, where he opened his own dress salon.

In 1936 Oleg Cassini — he had shortened his name — sailed to America, where he was later joined by his brother Igor and parents.

These were the Depres-

sion years, and the Cassinis were in dire straits for a time. They managed to sell a miniature of the Tsar in a diamond-encrusted gold frame which allowed them to live in a room in New York, for a time subsisting on hot dogs.



GENE TIERNEY, film star, was married to Cassini for ten years. They had two daughters, Daria and Christina. Here (1946) she wears a Cassini wedding gown in "The Razor's Edge."

Then Oleg got a job as a designer and Igor found a place with a travel agency. They had many acquaintances among the international set, and firmly believed: "If you own a dinner jacket and are a gentleman you cannot fail to make your way, and every door will be opened for you."

There may be something in the credo. It was on the high-society circuit that Oleg became acquainted with the Kennedys, and his appointment as Mrs. Kennedy's dressmaker came after he had known her socially.

Oleg moved to Hollywood in 1940, where he designed costumes — taking time out to serve during World War II in the U.S. cavalry and to marry film star Gene Tierney.

He had previously been married to Merry Fahney, a cough medicine heiress. When his marriage to Gene Tierney ended in 1952 (they had two daughters), he returned to New York and the rag trade.

In New York, Cassini lives in a mansion with Igor, who now is the publisher of a



OLEG CASSINI'S bedroom in his New York town house, which is furnished in his favorite Renaissance period. Color theme is red, gold, and blue.

magazine, "Status." Earlier Igor was the celebrated New York society columnist "Cholly Knickerbocker."

He gave up the column after it became known that he had been a publicist for the Trujillo regime in the Dominican Republic and had neglected to tell the Department of State.

The Cassini mansion is

furnished in Renaissance style, with Romanoff and Kennedy memorabilia.

"When it comes to clinching a deal with a licensee," says Cassini, "the house will do it for me."

If it doesn't, the Kennedy name will.

—Bill Wilson, New York



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Gossamer—the holding hair spray that gently cares for your hair

Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1965



● A woman who craved sweet things as an alcoholic craves drink—and weighed 15st. 10lb. because of it—used the daily resolution routine of the reforming alcoholic to diet and now can say . . .

# "I lost 40lb. in five months"

**T**ODAY I will not eat sweets."

This daily resolution to cut out all carbohydrates resulted in the loss of 40lb. in five months for Mrs. B. M. Milic, of Bronte, N.S.W.

Mrs. Milic, 45, explained how her craving for sweets had developed and with it her weight — to 15st. 10lb. Born in Berlin, she had been brought up by her mother on a diet of meat, eggs, fish, butter, milk, cream, and cheese.

"We ate little bread, and only of the rye variety, of which one slice is more filling than three slices of white bread," she said. "Sweets were strictly limited 'because they are no good for you,' our mother said."

"This I considered extremely unfair and mean. Once I escaped from the parental table, I indulged in sweet-eating and promptly put on weight."

## Ate and ate

War-time restrictions forcibly curbed her sweet tooth — "and after-war starvation stripped me of excessive fat, quick smart!"

"When I came to Australia with my husband (17 years ago), I just ate and ate and ate. Cakes, chocolates, and pies — I could never get enough. As my waistline expanded so did my appetite."

"My bathroom scales had long shown me the danger signal — and I made many

attempts at drastic food reductions. With the result that I had nightmares of reliving the days after the war when we were starving, nightmares that made those of Scarlett O'Hara seem like pleasant dreams.

"Eventually, my greed subsided. But the damage was done. Eating normally, I maintained the overweight that induced my doctor to give me a thorough lecture.

"There is nothing wrong with you," he told me, 'yet.'

"He added: 'Of course, you are grossly overweight.'

"Well, I knew it and, as usual, I wanted to forget about it as quickly as possible. 'All right,' I said lightly, 'so one fine day I shall drop dead with a heart attack.'

"The doctor gave me a long look, then began to explain that he doubted I would get off that easily. My heart would age long before my time, become diseased — and he described the true clinical picture, and a very unlovely one.

"It was not the first time I had imagined myself puffing around breathlessly on swollen feet, blue-lipped, with fear in my eyes.

"And it was not for the first time I decided to go on a diet. But when would it be the diet to end all diets?

"Over the years I have read about every article or book ever published on weight reducing, and also tried just as many diets. I always failed miserably.

"Although I often kidded myself into thinking that I

wanted to lose weight for health reasons only, vanity, I admit, was an equally strong factor. You would think that a combination of the two would be a strong enough incentive for perseverance — but I always failed.

"Why? I asked myself. Am I really the spineless, emotionally disturbed glutton who reaches for the bread-basket like the wardrobe-drinker for the bottle?"

Mrs. Milic then began an honest examination of herself — happily married, with three grown-up children, of whom she was very proud, a "darling" little granddaughter, and a job which

By  
**BARBARA MARTYN**

fascinated her and gave her much pleasure.

She loved books, music, and people and devoted much time to work for the Voluntary Aid Division of the Red Cross. Nothing emotionally disturbing there.

She also loved cooking, especially pastries, cakes, sweets, and rich gravies, and long, full dinners with congenial company.

Curling up with a book and a pound of chocolates and devouring both in one night was another favorite pastime.

She had tried calorie-counted diets with little or no fat and had become hungry and bad-tempered. After some weight loss, she would give up because of the sheer misery to herself and

her family, and in a reaction would regain the weight at three or four times the speed she had lost it.

A non-calorie counting diet with a prescribed oil intake had made her sick for a week.

Mrs. Milic pondered over the theories that "fat makes you fat" and thought back to her childhood.

"The experience of my childhood and observation of the European farming population seemed to speak against this theory," she said.

"The European peasant is practically born with a hunk of bacon under one arm and butter, milk, and cheese under the other. These, plus the fruits of the field, are his staple diet from the cradle to the grave — and he lives healthily to a ripe old age.

"He has very little money for luxuries such as sweets. Even sugar for bottling fruit and making jams is restricted to a minimum.

"I then faced the fact that the food that had previously been restricted to me — sweets, sugar, bread, or, summarily, carbohydrates (and not fats!) — made me fat. I decided to cut them out altogether.

"You might think this a simple thing to do, but if you are addicted to carbohydrates, as I was, your body screams for them.

"I had seen a film on the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous, and I suddenly saw myself — not passing a pub, lingering, fighting with myself, and losing the battle, but passing a cake shop and going through the same agonies.

"Once I had established the fact that I was not hungry but craving, I knew the cure.

"My new diet satisfied my hunger, for I allowed myself as much meat, butter, cheese, milk, cream, eggs, and fish as I could eat. I avoided all starches and sugars, including the selection of low carbohydrate fruit and vegetables.

"The fight was now not against my stomach, which was satisfied, but against my mind, for I was still craving sweets.

"So, like an alcoholic, I told myself every morning, 'Today I will not eat sweets'. At night, just before I went to sleep, I told myself, 'Well, I could do it today.'



● Mrs. B. M. Milic, of Bronte, N.S.W., who trimmed her 15st. 10lb. weight by 40lb. in five months; went from an XOS to an XW fitting.

"No long-term plans, no long-range self-promises. Just a day-by-day battle. As I gained in self-control I lost in weight.

"Slowly, as the fact was established that my bodily requirements were satisfied, and I felt no hunger, the mental battle became easier."

Mrs. Milic said her weight loss over the five months was not even.

"I lost a stone in the first month, 5lb. in the second, and again in the third month, and 16lb. in the last two months."

## New wardrobe

Mrs. Milic plans to lose another 20lb., which will bring her back to the weight she was in her middle twenties. She already has lost three inches off all her vital statistics.

"Before, I was like a sausage," she said. "If I went to buy clothes, I was XOS and very hard to fit."

"But the other day I went into a store and the girl eyed me up and down and said, 'Oh, yes, an XW fitting.' I nearly danced on the spot, I was so thrilled."

Mrs. Milic will buy a new wardrobe to celebrate her weight loss. Now she even takes a half size smaller in shoes.

She pointed out another advantage of her diet. "At my age dieting can be very dangerous for the skin, which is left wrinkled and sagging. But by including fats the skin remains smooth and fairly firm."

I looked at Mrs. Milic's smooth, lovely complexion and agreed.

Mrs. Milic also feels much fitter, and has more energy. Other diets have made her feel weak, lazy, and listless.

"I am not miserable about my diet, as I can still eat full-size meals and entertain guests as I used to," she said. "I cook all my usual dishes — Hungarian goulash, beef stroganoff, special Serbian dishes (her husband is Serbian) with eggs, tomatoes, and peppers. But I don't thicken the gravies any more."

"When I go out for dinner I order consomme, a steak with a salad, and have cheese instead of sweets. I only drink a dry, white wine, and that in moderation."

If she gets nibblish now, it's cheese she nibbles, not chocolates.

"My husband is delighted with my new diet," she said. "When I first told him of my plan he said I would just be walking around looking like a hungry cat again. Now he says the hungry cat has turned into a kitten. He gave me constant encouragement and praise. The women at work also encouraged me."

"I have not only shed 40lb. — I have shed that terrible feeling of unhappiness over clothes I couldn't buy, over thoughtless remarks about my size, and the fear of years of ill-health."



● Aged 25 (above, left), Mrs. Milic weighed 11st., but had eaten her way to 15st. 10lb. when the picture (right) was taken with her husband.



# Now Revlon invents frost-on-frost nail enamel

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS



The first 'no-stir' super-frosts that give you the deep even coverage not possible in frosted till now!

If you've been through thick and thin with other frosted, forget your frustrations now. In Revlon's new super-frosted concentrate, color-and-frost are coupled for keeps. Won't streak or separate, in the bottle or on your nails. You never have to stir things up!

Revlon calls this remarkable new formula CRYSTALLINE. You'll call it impossible—till you prove it. CRYSTALLINE gives you delicate—but definite—color. The lush coverage of cream enamel. And a soft, low-key lustre, a quiet chic that's elegant beyond price.

## New Crystalline Nail Enamel in 16 fabulous colors!



# ROMANCE IS HER FAME AND FORTUNE

*Don't sigh for "glamorous" Tudor times, says popular novelist. The drains were very dirty — and so were the clothes and the hair.*

By GLORIA NEWTON

"LIVE in the Tudor period?" said Eleanor Hibbert. "Oh, my dear, no. It sounds romantic, but think of all the grime, the dirty drains, the hair filled with vermin."

Eleanor Hibbert, the English author of more than 100 historical novels which have netted her a small fortune, made a slight grimace of disgust at the suggestion.

"Oh, yes, I know crinolines and all that sound glamorous to us today, but look at those enormous hairstyles. Did you know they used to become infested with lice?"

## Two identities

"We should all be glad we are living in the 20th century with air-conditioning, aeroplanes, comfortable ships, modern science — and telephones, the most wonderful things in the world."

As an author, Mrs. Hibbert is unusual. She has two identities.

As Jean Plaidy she writes what are described as "boisterous" novels of Tudor England, which require intensive research and deal with the lives of such people as Henry VIII, Sir Thomas More, and Mary Queen of Scots.

At the moment they number 30 in all. When the Tudor books are finished, she says, they are to be followed by a Georgian saga. All these books will present a picture of English history as complete as she can make it.

Under the pseudonym of Victoria Holt, she also pens highly romantic tales of suspense which generally have a Cornish setting during the Victorian era.

One book, "Mistress of Mellyn," said to have earned some \$200,000 from hardcover and paperback sales,

translations, serialising, and film sales, was the result of Mrs. Hibbert's determination to write a best-seller.

It was based on a formula which included all the elements for appeal to a mass market. She once said she didn't care about the critics. "It's nicer to be read than to get good reviews."

Mrs. Hibbert certainly doesn't fit the picture of a highly successful author.

I found her sitting tranquilly on the deck of the Oronsay, which was moored at the Overseas Terminal, watching the bustling ferries, the tall buildings silhouetted against the harbor, the unfinished Opera House, its sails soaring over Farm Cove.

Slim, fragile, with gentle eyes and the softest voice, her brown hair coiled on top of her head, the only chore you could imagine her attempting would be an occasional visit to the garden to gather roses.

Yet she turns out four books a year, and her three months' cruise on the ship, which was to take her to the Pacific Islands before returning her to England, was a working holiday.

"My typewriter goes everywhere with me. I'm unhappy if I'm not writing; I'm absolutely dedicated to

it. I really don't think much about anything else," she told me.

"On this trip I'm Victoria Holt, because there are no facilities for research on board ship.

"Why do I always write in the historical periods? Well, I am successful in that field and my public expect it from me.

"Another reason — and I have just thought of it only this very minute — is that historical books don't date.

A modern book in another five years will be old-fashioned.

"At this moment I have 35 books in print in hard covers, which is quite unusual. Pick up one I wrote, say in 1949, and it is quite right today. It is historically correct for the period, the idioms, the dialogue, the manners, the customs.

## 12-hour working day

"And as for the enormous research involved in my Jean Plaidy writing. Well, it is a joy.

"I am passionately interested in history and I can't read anything else while I am researching a book. It just isn't work for me; it is a fascinating game.

"Yes, writing is really like any other job — hard work. I'm up at six each morning and I work through till 6.30 in the evening, with the usual breaks for meals.

"Now and again, if something special happens, I will break that routine, but very rarely.

"A lot of people fail at writing because they give up too easily. They don't have the endurance or the stability to keep at it. Others are lazy, who want success immediately, and who have the

idea that writing is just dictating a few paragraphs now and then in between having a wonderful time travelling around the world.

"If it is any encouragement to would-be authors, I had my first nine novels rejected.

"Of course, I was at the age when I thought I could set the whole world straight, and I must admit they were very lengthy books.

"My husband, who died three years ago, was inter-



ELEANOR HIBBERT in Sydney during a three-month working-holiday cruise from London. As Victoria Holt, Mrs. Hibbert writes romantic best-sellers; as Jean Plaidy she writes almost equally popular novels set in Tudor England. She plans later to move into the Georgian era.

ested in my work and a wonderful critic. He suggested I write something shorter. 'The rejections won't seem so bad that way,' he told me.

"Well, I followed his advice and became quite successful. London newspapers started accepting my stories, and this encouraged me to go back to writing novels.

"So don't let rejection slips worry you. If you have

present for the launching of her paperback book "The Royal Road to Fotheringay," the story of Mary Queen of Scots.

"And I'm so looking forward to that," she said, "because we'll spend more than the three days we're allowed this time and I do want to see more of your wonderful Sydney town.

"I love sitting here on

over there. Most uninteresting. London is full of them.

"Tall buildings destroy the character of a city. They are ugly, like those dreadful clothes young people are wearing today.

"Quite a lot of pretty young girls have pleasure in going around dirty. I think the whole thing is a plot by the ugly girls to make themselves be noticed.

"But fancy wasting youth and good looks like that!

"I wouldn't like to be young again. Experience is a much greater asset than youth.

"Your Opera House? At least it is an attempt to be something different.

"When I first saw it I thought it was a bunch of ships all moored together. I didn't like it at all when I was told what it was, but it seems to be growing on me. I think I will probably like it before we sail."

## She had her first nine novels rejected

the urge to write — and every writer must have it — nothing can stop you from being successful.

"Yes, I have made a fortune from my writing and I don't have to write to earn my living any more. But I will always go on writing because it is my whole life and I enjoy it more than anything else in the world."

The Oronsay, on its return to England, will again call at Sydney for a few days when Mrs. Hibbert will be

deck and watching life go by. I am a city type, you know. I live right in the centre of London by Albert Hall, and all the people and the bustle here remind me so much of London.

"Most of the summer I spend my time at Deal, near Dover, in a charming old house. It was built as a hotel in 1680.

"I must say there are some things I don't like about modern life. For instance, those tall, square buildings





ABOVE: Miss Gladys Carey, 86, in the charming North Sydney park she created out of a wilderness. She works every day to maintain it, climbing the steps carrying her gardening tools. BELOW: Big sister Miss Hilda, who is almost 90, pours tea in their home nearby.



VIEW OF THE PARK and its creator from High St., at top of the steps.

## The park Miss Gladys made

**"MOST people,"** said Miss Gladys Carey with a twinkling eye, "get their names carved on a tombstone."

She pointed to the spanking new sign in the pretty little park just off High Street, North Sydney.

It reads: "The Miss Gladys Carey Reserve." North Sydney Council has had the sign erected in her honor, and it says no more than the truth.

Over the past few years, in good weather and bad, and without remuneration of any kind, Miss Gladys has made that little park out of a wilderness.

Miss Gladys is 86 years old.

She hoes and turns and fertilises the soil, plants (and provides) the rich profusion of flowers and ferns and shrubs that make it a thing of beauty.

("I get them from everywhere, from my own garden, from friends and neighbors and relations. I even pick up plants other people have discarded in the street.")

She keeps the rough grass down the hard way, with a pair of shears. She digs out rocks, and the park is cursed with them. And she personally lumped to the site the scores of big, ornamental stones that make such charming patterns around flowerbeds and trees.

She is tiny and very feminine, with a soft, sweet, hurried voice.

I came on Miss Gladys working in the reserve, which is hard by Careening Cove, the haunt of yachtsmen and the home of Gretel. She was raking the grass in a fine, persistent drizzle.

I said anxiously, "You're getting wet."

"I get wet," said Miss Gladys, "every time I wash. It won't hurt me."

But in deference to my new coat, she led the way up the precipitous flight of steps she has to negotiate every day, laden with her tools, to get into the park from her house in High Street.

(She daren't store her tools in the park, because someone would be bound to steal them. So she constantly risks the kind

of injury she sustained a little while ago, when she hit her ankle with a mattock. The sore on the ankle is still angry and painful, and, being very feminine, she covers it up by wearing a long dress.)

Miss Gladys shares the house, and its pleasant garden, with big sister Hilda.

They are sole survivors of a family of five, four girls and a boy, who were born in England but came to Australia at a very early age. Miss Gladys was third in the family, Miss Hilda was first.

Miss Hilda welcomed me with tea. She was just about to dash off to town. She once owned her own school at Neutral Bay, but for many years now has run the Sydney Penfriend Section of the United Nations.

Miss Hilda is just on 90 years of age.

She helped tell the story, partly because young sister Miss Gladys is now very hard

By KAY KEAVNEY

of hearing, but mainly because Miss Gladys couldn't see there was a story to be told.

"Why do I do this work? Because if I didn't, nobody else would," said Miss Gladys, and, to her mind, that was that.

Long ago Miss Gladys, too, was a teacher, but for 19 years she cared for her sick mother. Later, having a very small private income, she bought the house in High Street, and, of course, laid out a garden.

During the war, when labor was so scarce, North Sydney Council appealed to residents to take care of the street outside their fences.

Gladys responded at once," said Miss Hilda. "She not only cleared the ground outside this house, but that outside our neighbors' houses. And she made a continuing garden, supplying the plants and shrubs herself."

"It grew," Miss Gladys added, in her soft, breathless way. "The garden grew till it extended right up the hill toward





**Aged 86, she has  
rebuilt it twice.  
Now the park is  
named after her.**

Stannard Place and on the other side right into the reserve, which was then just a wild place.

"Some few years ago the council acquired the park, I think by the owner's will.

"I began making it, too, into a garden. Not very long ago the council turfed the area, and ran a path through it, and put in seats. I rebuilt the garden almost from scratch.

"Then they laid sewer-pipes down in Bradley Avenue, just below the reserve, which made quite a mess. But it had its good side. I found lots of nice big stones down there, which I trundled up to the park for decoration.

"So you see," said Miss Gladys with finality, "it all just happened. I was very surprised when they decided to give the park my name."

I asked if she ever thought it was time for her to take a rest.

"Gracious, no," said Miss Gladys, eyes sparkling. "I'm a theosophist. I believe in evolution. I believe we're here to be of use in the world, and to grow."

"I," said Miss Hilda, smiling, "am a perfectly conventional Anglican. Argue? Oh, no, we never argue. We both believe that everyone in the world is entitled to his point of view."

Before I left, these remarkable ladies showed me round their own garden. At the front we looked down from a height on the street-garden which Miss Gladys lovingly planted more than 20 years ago.

The whole rim of the narrow street, beginning at the Miss Gladys Carey Reserve and winding up a stiffish hill was a mass of flowers and shrubs.

"Who looks after the street-garden," I asked Miss Gladys, "now that you're so busy caring for the park?"

"I do," said she, astonished at such a foolish question. "I always have."

PRUNING is one of the labors of love which bring Miss Gladys to the park in good weather and bad.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1,





# Beauty spot

Your skin is flesh-coloured. BAND-AID Spots are, too. So they help hide little hurts while they hurry up the healing. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

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## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

by  
Mollie Lyons

**LUNCHEON.** Mrs. Frank McCall Power, president of the Pied Piper Committee, with Mrs. Cedric Symonds and Mrs. Gianni Miceli-Picardi (left to right), at the luncheon and fashion parade which the committee held at the Point Piper home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Rose. The luncheon, which was held around the Roses' pool, will raise funds for the Spastic Centre.



**FEELING** very glad to be settled back into their recently renovated house at Double Bay, Mrs. Tim Furber told me that she and her husband had no less than three moves in the past four months while renovations were under way. Their first move was to Vaucluse, and from there they went to a hotel at Point Piper, and, finally, back to Double Bay before they returned to their own home. Mrs. Furber is so thrilled with the alterations that she feels it was worth every minute of inconvenience.

**BELIEVE** that Catherine Moppett and her mother, Mrs. W. Moppett, are frantically busy with preparations for Catherine's wedding on February 28, which follows just a month after she announced her engagement. She will wed Peter Southwell-Keely at Shore Chapel, North Sydney, with a reception to follow at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. Matron-of-honor, Catherine's sister-in-law, Mrs. Douglas Moppett, of "Noan," Quamby, has arranged a pre-wedding luncheon party for Catherine shortly after she arrives down from the country.

**I BELIEVE** that members of the Peter Pan Ball Committee had a delightful time, on February 14, at the home of Mrs. Robert Brash where they spent the day sending out invitations for the annual Peter Pan Ball to be held on March 16 at the Wentworth Hotel. The ball (which is usually held on the Friday before Easter but this year is on the Thursday before) is one of the most popular and seems to book out almost as soon as the invitations are sent.

**ANOTHER** committee, which isn't sending out invitations but has decided to contact guests by telephone, is the RPAH King George V Appeals Committee which will hold its first function for 1967 on March 3 at Ye Olde Crusty Cellars. It's to be a wine-tasting, and sub-committee members, Mrs. Dick Stafford, Mrs. Malcolm Coppleson, Mrs. Philip Jeffrey, Mrs. Ian Platt Hepworth, Mrs. D. Staff, Mrs. John Clarkson, and Mrs. Malcolm Brown will spend the next few days on their telephones bidding people to the party.

**DATE** for your diary . . . the Boorowa Amateur Picnic Race Club's annual race meeting and ball on February 24. After the races at the Boorowa Showground 400 guests are expected at the Guild Hall for a champagne hour and dinner dance.



**MARRIED.** Mr. and Mrs. Craig San Roque after their marriage at the Wentworth Memorial Church, Vaucluse. The bride was Miss Georgina Wentworth, daughter of Mr. W. C. Wentworth, M.P., and Mrs. Wentworth. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. M. Miller, and stepson of the Rev. G. Miller, of Yass.

**BY** far the best-groomed male I saw this week was Mrs. Roger Dunlop's miniature poodle, Jingles, who looked chic and elegant with a full-lion cut when he accompanied his mistress early one morning to the carwash at Double Bay. Jingles is having extensive "beauty" treatments already in preparation for the Royal Easter Show.

**MRS. HUMPHREY FISHER** sounds so excited about the trip she and her husband, the Honorable Humphrey Fisher, are leaving on in a few weeks' time. Their travels will take them through the Pacific Islands and up to Vancouver, then across the Rockies by train where they'll catch a plane from Calgary to Montreal to visit Expo 67. From there they'll fly to London where they will meet other members of the very large Fisher family to celebrate the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. Fisher's parents, Lord Fisher, (the former Archbishop of Canterbury) and Lady Fisher. Mr. Fisher's brother, the Honorable Charles Fisher, will not be at the main reception on April 12 at Draper's Hall, but will arrive from Adelaide shortly after to take part in the celebrations.

**THERE'LL** be friends and relatives at Mascot to welcome home travellers Dale Wilson and Roslyn Merton when they arrive this week after two months overseas. The girls visited Crete and other Greek islands and celebrated their 21st birthdays with friends in Athens.

**HEAR** from New Zealand that the Tom Whittles and the Don Stephens are having a wonderful time touring the islands by car. The foursome went over in the Canberra for a two-week holiday break.

**THERE** were many of Janet Gibson's fellow nurses from St. Luke's Hospital at the birthday party which her parents, Dr. and Mrs. L. G. Gibson, gave for her at the New South Wales Golf Club. Janet's godfather, Judge H. H. Gibson, was master-of-ceremonies at the party.

**A VERY** new committee we'll be seeing a lot more of is the Gremlin Committee, which will be holding its first function on February 28 at a member's home at Centennial Park. It will be a champagne-and-chicken patio party, and Paul Hackett, the vice-president, told me that the committee is having a wonderful time cutting out and painting the thirty or so two-foot high gremlins in every imaginable color which will decorate the walls. Proceeds of the party will go toward Aid Retarded Persons.



**JUST WED.** Mr. and Mrs. Max Press leaving St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Barbara Skinner, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Skinner, of Wahroonga. The bridegroom, of Bellevue Hill, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Len Press, of Melbourne.





**YOUTHFUL THREESOME:** Mr. Syd Kensit (left), of "Woodford," Narrasea, Miss Jan Savage, of "Eunony," Binda, and Mr. Peter Webber, of "Kanimbla," Harden, enjoyed a cool drink before the start of the first race. It was perfect weather for the many people who travelled from neighboring districts to the meeting, which is one of the few remaining picnic race meetings held on a private property. Most of them took hampers in their car-boots.



**WINNER.** Mr. T. C. B. Webster, president of the Crookwell and District Amateur Picnic Race Club, and Mrs. Webster (far right), with Mrs. J. H. B. Carr, who presented the "Funny Hill" Grasscutters' Cup to the winner of the race, Mr. J. Hutchinson, who rode Going Gay for Mr. D. Power. The club's annual picnic race meeting was held as usual on the lovely property of Mr. and Mrs. Carr—"Funny Hill," Binda.

## CROOKWELL PICNIC RACES



**AT LEFT:** Mrs. Bill Glover (left) and Mr. Glover (second from right), of "Ki-nga," Yass, lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Colin Savage, of "Eunony," Binda. Bright umbrellas shaded picnickers from the sun and provided a colorful background to the meeting.

**AT RIGHT:** Miss Marie Geissler (centre), of "Jarramlee," Canberra, and Miss Vicki Woods, of St. Ives, chatting with Mr. J. Langworthy, of Sydney, before the start of the "Funny Hill" Grasscutters' Cup, in which Mr. Langworthy rode Slow Roll for Mr. J. H. B. Carr, of "Funny Hill," Binda.



**AT BALL.** Over 250 guests attended the champagne party and dinner dance at the Shire Memorial Centre, Crookwell, which followed the races. Among them were, **AT LEFT,** Miss Judy Foster, of Clontarf, Mr. Brian McGinnis, of "Bigga House," Bigga, Miss Jo Rose, of "Bongalong," Muttama, and Mr. John Lindsay, of "Cucumgilliga," Cowra (left to right); and **AT RIGHT:** Miss Gail Marks, of "Waratah," Binda, and Mr. Reg Montgomery, of Mossman.







PILOT Sue Folks, the first woman to fly solo non-stop from Sydney to Perth in a single-engined plane, was surprised at her heroine's reception.

## GIRL PILOT'S DARING FLIGHT

**B**EHIND 25-year-old Sue Folks' near-record, non-stop flight in a single-engined plane from Sydney to Perth lies a story of seven years' ambition and daring.

Her time was 12 hours, 42 minutes.

The record for this 2150-mile flight was 12 hours 32 minutes, held by John Swain, of Orange, N.S.W.

The actual flying time has since been bettered by Ross Smith, of Perth, flying a Mooney Executive 21. His was a standard-type plane, not equipped with long-distance fuel tanks. He stopped at Whyalla, S.A., and Forrest, on the Nullarbor, to refuel. But his elapsed time for the trip was 12 hours 14 minutes. His daughter was a passenger on the flight with him.

Swain's plane and Sue's were both fitted with long-distance fuel tanks.

Sue was a schoolteacher, has been married for five years to charter pilot Max Folks, and has been flying herself since she was 18. So far she has logged about 700 hours in the air. She has her Private Pilot's and Commercial Pilot's licences.

She did most of the Commercial Pilot's course by correspondence, but when Max joined Civil Flying Service, a charter company, and

they moved to Melbourne, she finished it at the Technical School there.

She is now studying for an Instrument Rating, which will allow her to fly at night and in bad weather.

It wasn't till Max was posted to W.A.'s iron-ore country, two years ago, that Sue really came into her own — flyingwise.

They lived until recently at Roebourne, in the far north of Western Australia. Several times when Max was ill, Sue took over and piloted his company's six-seater Beechcraft Baron between the iron mining sites at Mount Tom Price and the Hamersley Iron Company's port at King Bay. Also she flew the 900 miles to Perth and back three times in one week.

The flight from Sydney to Perth happened at short notice.

While on a visit to Sydney, Sue found that a four-seater Beechcraft Debonair had just been delivered at Bankstown aerodrome from America and was due to go on to Perth.

When the Hawker De Havilland people asked her if she would tackle the trip to Perth in one hop, she said "yes."

Her take-off from Mascot was delayed several days because of unsuitable weather, and, in the end, she reached Jandakot Airport, just outside Perth, without her husband even knowing she'd left. That day he was piloting a charter flight to the Barrow Island oilfield.

It was a trouble-free trip ("just one or two rain and dust storms") and she wasn't lonely ("too busy map-reading and sighting landmarks").

But, of course, after 12 hours 42 minutes in the air she was stiff and cramped when she landed.

She wore a slacks suit and took no parachute ("There's no room, and, anyway, I have complete confidence in the machine when I know it's well looked after"), and took some sandwiches and fruit for lunch.



By KAY KEAVNEY

**R**EALLY, the Vice-Chancellor should have been biting his nails.

March 6 — the big day when Macquarie University would fling wide its gates to the first undergraduates — was just around the corner. And work was still very much *In Progress* on those sylvan acres at Sydney's North Ryde.

Like the White Rabbit in "Alice," the Vice-Chancellor should have been muttering, "We'll be late."

But tanned, greying, 55-year-old Professor A. G. Mitchell had better uses for his abounding energies.

He merely said, amiably, "We'll get off the ground in time."

He waved a brown hand at the undulating paddocks, dotted with trees and streams, at the earth pitted and pockmarked by bulldozers, at the surrealist library, at the eight-storey tower and three-storey teaching-block, with its unique glass-roofed courtyard, the nucleus of a university a-building.

What he saw in his mind's eye was a city, crowded with the thousands of students the years would bring, a university city within a city, beautifully landscaped, its gates always standing open.

He saw a university which never slept, full of life by

day and night and on the weekend, with theatres, restaurants, art shows, sports arenas, colorful gardens — all of them open and available to the communities which the University served.

"We expect," he said, "to open with about 700 students, full-time, part-time, and externals. We already have ten postgraduate students, studying at the moment in borrowed halls."

"Ten years from now we will accommodate 10,000." And he swept me off on a grand tour of the more accessible parts of the magnificent 332-acre site of this third of Sydney's universities.

### Two valleys

Magnificent it is, mainly two folding valleys sloping gently down to the Lane Cove River, bounded by the populous northern suburbs of Gordon, Chatswood, Lane Cove, Ryde, and North Epping.

Everywhere there is a sense of freshness, of openness, new beginnings.

"This is the kind of chance educators dream about," said the Vice-Chancellor. "To start literally from the ground up."

"There's an enormous amount of research into education going on continually, but the real problem is to put the research to work. In the older universities, there are certain

**"We have combed the world for ideas," said the Vice-Chancellor, Professor A. G. Mitchell, pictured against the plans.**

standard procedures which are sometimes very hard to change. With a new university it's different.

"You can look at everything with a fresh eye."

"We've combed the world for ideas, and adapted them to our own uses. We've attracted top men, too, from all over the world, and all over Australia."

"Some have come to us — from America, for instance — at a considerable financial loss, because they find Macquarie an exciting and stimulating place to be."

You catch some of the excitement as the professor pours out ideas.

"We haven't asked ourselves, 'How can we best cram knowledge into the students' heads,' but 'How can we best stimulate them to learn for themselves?'"

"We intend to reduce formal lecturing to a minimum. We prefer the system of working in small groups, with very close liaison between teacher and taught, and with various aids to independent reading and working."

"We want to be responsive to the needs of our time, the second half of the 20th century. More than ever before, the people of this country — and, in fact, the world — depend on the full cultivation of their human resources."

"A university isn't the only way of achieving this, but it's a very vital one. The biggest factor in a university is the meeting of minds."

"Education isn't a gentleman's occupation any longer. Everybody who is capable of benefiting by a liberal education should have the chance to develop his talents to the full."

"How dare anyone say otherwise?"

There are many obstacles, of course, to full opportunity. The pioneer staff at Macquarie and its council, chaired by brilliant educator Mr. P. G. Price, B.Sc. Dip. Ed., have given careful thought to the barriers and ways of breaking them down.

"They can be financial, which we can't do much about, or geographic, which we can," said Professor



CHARTER PILOT Max Folks, Sue's husband. They have been married for five years.





# A "CITY WITHIN A CITY"

MR. and MRS. G. VENESS pick tomatoes outside their home at Eastwood, overlooking Macquarie University.

Mitchell, himself a former country boy.

"You can be just as cut off from opportunity living in an isolated metropolitan suburb as in a country town. Travelling time and fares can be your major obstacle.

"We propose to treat our part-time and off-campus students in the same manner, no matter where they live. We're setting up machinery to establish and maintain close personal contact with them, and in this we've learnt a great deal from the University of New England.

All our students, including full-time, will be using the same basic materials.

"This approach will help to cut down the number of times our evening students have to travel out to the University after work. Much of the time wasted in travel could be put to better use, aided by study-guides, reading lists, and so on. We intend to provide lectures on Saturdays, and, of course, concentrated periods when the student can come here daily in his annual holidays.

"We're also concerned with the person, perhaps of mature age, who seems to have missed his opportunity for tertiary education, for any number of reasons.

"It doesn't make sense to us to put a ticket on a person at age 17, then let this determine his whole future.

This would be so even if examinations were always a fair test of potential, which they aren't.

"Where we think it is warranted, we will confer on such a person provisional matriculation, or special matriculation, to enable him to proceed toward a degree."

In every department of endeavor, Macquarie sets out to free the student to follow his gleam.

## Matriculation

Its matriculation requirements, for instance, are much more permissive than those of the older universities.

"We think it's about time," said the Vice-Chancellor, "to place more reliance on the schools. Let them, with the student, decide what subjects will be studied, and at what level.

"We will award matriculation — the right to enrol at this university — on the overall performance, the aggregate marks obtained at the Higher School Certificate Examination. This is the method used in awarding Commonwealth Scholarships and by the older universities in fixing their quotas.

"English must be presented, though not necessarily passed.

(In 1967, Macquarie will also accept students who, prior to March, 1967, have qualified for matriculation in

any other Australian university.)

"Certainly," the Professor continued, "we don't expect any lowering of standards by using the aggregate system. We'll keep careful records of our students' progress, referring back to their final school results, as an important contribution to research.

"In all these matters we want to keep an open mind . . . ask honest questions and be prepared to go wherever the answers lead.

"We don't want to be different just for the sake of being different." But Macquarie is different in fundamental ways.

The old pattern of self-contained faculties has been done away with. Instead, there is a College of Arts and Sciences, comprising many schools of study in the discipline of Arts, Science, and Economics.

The first 11 schools are:

Mathematics and physics; chemistry; biological sciences; earth sciences (geology, geography, geophysics); English studies; historical, philosophical, and political studies; economic and financial studies; behavioural sciences (psychology, sociology, anthropology); education studies; classical studies; modern languages.

Symbolising Macquarie's hope that humanists and scientists can work within one framework, the first

degree awarded will be that of Bachelor of Arts. (Students can proceed to M.A., M.Sc., M.Ec., and Ph.D.)

Said the Vice-Chancellor, "Fundamentally, all knowledge is based on the humanities and the sciences.

"We want to put an end to the notion of the 'science man' and the 'arts man.' We will certainly produce specialists, but mainly we want to produce 'the whole man.'

"These days, without a knowledge of science we're really not equipped to live. Ways must be found to teach science, not only to the specialist but as part of a liberal education."

I wondered, aloud, whether the award of a Bachelor of Arts degree to a specialist scientist might not be misleading—say, for a prospective employer?

The professor and his colleagues had obviously thrashed that one out in many a smoke-filled room.

"No," he said positively.

"The name of a degree doesn't necessarily give a clear picture of a student's specialisations and achievements. Only a transcript of his academic record does that. We will make such a transcript readily available to employers and other interested parties."

Though, ultimately, Macquarie will open professional schools, such as a Medical

School, the idea of a liberal education is at the very core of its thinking.

"We want to cater to every taste and need. The number of different programs we shall offer from the beginning is very large indeed. We've adapted the Harvard idea of letting a student plan a program best suited to him.

"And we accept the responsibility of taking time and care to advise him on how to do this.

"He can choose courses right across the spectrum. There will be specialised courses (just as specialised as at any other university) but also subsidiary and general interest courses.

## High standards

"Let me explain the purpose of a subsidiary course. For example — students of psychology, economics, and linguistics all need statistics as a tool. But they shouldn't be forced to commit themselves to a whole year of it as a specialised course.

"So we provide a subsidiary course, possibly three months, possibly six, and, since we have two examinations a year, a student who fails in the first can try again in the second.

"Many of these subsidiary courses will be available.

"The 'general interest' courses will accommodate students who want an insight

into subjects removed from their particular specialisations — and we mean to keep these courses compact and challenging, and the standards high."

The professor explained the University's procedure for recording a student's progress toward a degree, which makes such a fluid approach possible.

"There will be no progression 'by years,' as at the older universities. In fact, a bright student could go straight from school into the equivalent of a second year. We will proceed with a system of credit points, with a minimum of 68 points for a pass B.A.

"And, as I've said, the academic staff, the teachers, rather than a separate body of advisers, will keep in close touch with the student as a person, helping him with his planning and his problems."

We headed back across the paddocks, toward the startling, austere bulk of the teaching-block and tower, the nucleus of a university, a city within a city.

"Macquarie," said its Vice-Chancellor, grinning, "has to live up to its motto."

"And what's that?" I asked, expecting the usual Latin saw.

"Three words from Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,'" said the former Professor of Early English Literature and Language:

"And Gladly Teach."



# What can you do with our Golden Puff pastry in summer?



The same as you did in winter . . .  
enjoy it!



**Golden Alfresco:** Split a Golden Puff down the middle. Add a generous slice of mortadella or similar continental sausage, spread with green pickle and top with gruyere cheese.



**Potato Puff:** Just about everybody loves potato salad. Next time you make it, heap lots of it on top of a Golden Puff. Add a decorative sprig of parsley, then stand back and wait for the rush.



**Vanilla Verve:** A new way to bring an old favourite up-to-date. Take a Golden Puff and fill with custard. Top with your favourite icing and sprinkle with coconut. It's a vanilla slice with lots of verve.

With a little imagination you can turn flaky Golden Puff pastry into dozens of different delicious summer snacks. All you have to do is add your favourite sweet or savoury filling and you've got it made. Hot or cold, it's simply delicious with Golden Puff all summer long.



**Seafood del sol:** Mix prawns, crab or lobster with tomato sauce and spread on Golden Puffs. Top with a mayonnaise and a sprig of parsley. Serve hot as a savoury supper or cold as a picnic snack.



**Rarebit Rave:** Heat Golden Puffs in the oven. Split or leave whole. Pour Welsh Rarebit or melted cheese over them, and top with finely chopped browned onion. Serve hot with dill pickle or gherkin.



**Sunnyside Canape:** Spread Golden Puff with butter and heap with rich red salmon. Place a slice of hard-boiled egg in the centre, and arrange "petals" of thin radish slices or pickled gherkin around it. Delicious.



**Picnic Caper:** Anchovies again, but this time the real thing. Mix with cream cheese. Slice Golden Puff and fill generously. Add a few whole anchovies and spice it up with a couple of capers. Who's for a picnic?

Isn't it time  
you got together  
with Golden Puff?  
Make it tomorrow  
and see what  
you can do with your  
imagination.



Made to taste great by Peek Frean



## Phone up— but pay up

THERE is no reason for "Annoyed" to feel embarrassed about asking for payment for the use of her phone. After all, it is necessary to put a five-cent piece in the phone box on the corner, so why not the same amount for the convenience of using her phone? Often a long walk is spared by being able to use the phone next door, so the privilege of being able to use a private phone is a blessing, and there should be no question of not paying for that privilege.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Costello, Bicton, W.A.

A FRIEND of mine never objects to neighbors using his telephone. He calculated the cost of each call by dividing his bill by the number of calls made, and charges users accordingly — 25 cents a call. Neighbors seldom worry him more than once.

\$2 to Mr. John Adamson, Mount Waverley, Vic.

I HAVE beaten the phone bill by placing on the table a money-box bearing the apt quotation, "Make your phone calls when you will, but don't forget who pays the bill!"

\$2 to "Tactful" (name supplied), Narrabeena, N.S.W.

USING a telephone without paying is something many people seem to allow themselves without any thought of the owner's pocket. They wouldn't dream of picking up five cents from your table, but it doesn't seem to occur to them that they are doing the equivalent. Some pay the five cents, but if they get a wrong number don't bother to pay for THAT call.

\$2 to "Tired Of It" (name supplied), Randwick, N.S.W.

THE following, which I typed out, is in a frame beside our phone:

"Family, friends, in-laws, and neighbors. Glad to assist you with our favors.

But before you go away, Don't forget five cents to pay."

I think you will find, as I did, that people are not offended, and always leave the five cents. (Most just don't think.)

\$2 to Mrs. McKay, Padstow, N.S.W.

ANYONE who is sincere will pay for a phone call. Until we had our phone installed I used a friend's and always paid ten cents a call. Now we let family and friends know that, as well as the actual charge for the call, the rental has to be met, and they pay ten cents for a call from our phone.

\$2 to "Not Mean" (name supplied), Monbulk, Vic.

WHY not simply say to the person concerned, "Would you please pay for your call, as we have found our telephone bill a bit excessive lately."

\$2 to "Common Courtesy" (name supplied), Wallaroo Mines, S.A.



## LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Must mothers always be slaves?

WOMEN are being advised to go to work when their children are off their hands. It looks as if they are supposed to slave all their lives. Just when they have a chance to relax and take up the hobbies in which they are interested, or to join or take an active part in clubs or associations, they are advised to start rushing to work and back, spend evenings and weekends on the many outstanding household chores, and have hastily cooked and inadequate meals. Well, it is certainly one way of killing them off quickly.

\$2 to R. Lewis, Braddon, A.C.T.

### Country life tests talents

THERE'S nothing like living in the country to bring out any talents one possesses. The communal aspect of a country town demands that each person contribute in some way. Some are committee-minded and indispensable for organisation, others are gifted musically or adept at floral decoration, some have specialised knowledge or an interesting hobby that can be shared for the benefit of the community. Even the old lady who makes oven cloths for stalls has something to contribute. To those who are lonely or feel they are no longer needed, I'd say, "Come to the country. You're needed there."

\$2 to "Hills and Dales" (name supplied), Coleraine, Vic.

### Pest, and counter-pests

MY doorbell rang, I answered it, and was greeted with, "Good morning, madam, have you any garden pests?" "Yes," said I, "I most certainly have. Four small children, a dog, and a cockatoo." With that, my front gate closed with a terrible bang and the salesman had gone.

\$2 to "Snappy Interview" (name supplied), Orange, N.S.W.

### Wistful old-time memories

WHEN a child, I was trainbearer at an aunt's wedding and was thrilled to ride in the hansom cabs to and from the church with the other bridal attendants. I specially remember the horse that drew the bridal cab. It looked very important wearing a white-crochet cover (made specially for the occasion) draped over its back.

\$2 to "Early 1900s Style" (name supplied), Bankstown, N.S.W.

**Ross Campbell**  
writes...

### ROUGHING IT

CITY life, with all its gadgets and conveniences, tends to make you grow soft.

So we had a feeling of adventure when we went to Sunburn Beach for the holidays. It was a change to a simpler, more bracing environment.

Take the mail arrangements, for example.

At home we are used to having the letters delivered by the postman. At Sunburn Beach we had to go to the post office and pick them up.

It was a solid quarter of a mile walk, yet we made the journey without complaining.

Now and then we used the car, of course. There was no sense in exhausting ourselves at the start of the day.

The house where we were staying had no television set. It seemed strange in the evenings at first.

But the family put up with it splendidly, even when they knew they were missing "Huckleberry Hound" or "The Lucy Show."

They began listening to the radio more. They read books and magazines, or played Scrabble.

It was a display of good old Australian adaptability — the spirit that pioneered our country.

The thing that tested me most severely was not having a pop-up toaster.

For years I have been accustomed to putting slices of bread in our automatic toaster and forgetting about them till they pop up.

Suddenly I found myself face to face with an old-fashioned manual toaster.

At first I did not remember to turn the slices over, and they were



burned black. When I turned them over I clumsily burned my fingers.

But I drew on my reserves of grit and determination. Every morning at breakfast I sat next to that old toaster and watched it.

Soon it was only burning one slice in three. By the end of the holidays I had it mastered.

I was even saying: "Pop-up toasters are sissy." Like those expert

drivers who look down on cars with automatic gears.

It was a valuable experience, that holiday. I think it brought us closer to nature. We came back to town with a new feeling of self-reliance.

P.S.: I have an apology to make — to ironmongers.

Some weeks ago I wrote about the things you can buy for one cent. I said that the only purchase I could make for that outlay at a big city hardware store was two nails.

A Melbourne ironmonger has written to say that for one cent he would sell any of the following items:

1 only one inch x 10 gauge Countersunk screw; 1 only half-inch rubber nut and tail washer; 1 only half-inch rubber director washer; 1 only wooden clothes peg; 1 only nickel-plated mirror clip; 1 only half-inch rubber tap-fitting washer; 1 foot of plumber's hemp; 9 inches of venetian blind cord; 1 only half-inch leather tap washer; 4 insulated staples; 1 only bottle cork; 1 only No. 514 Brass Curtain Ring; 2 Screw Eyes; 2 quarter-inch pressed hexagon nuts; 1 only valance hook; 1 only stick of white chalk.

I can only say I am sorry for what I said about ironmongers. They are good guys. They will look after you down to your last cent.

Though I don't know what you would want 9 inches of venetian blind cord for. Except perhaps for strangling a very small wife.

### MODES OF ADDRESS



● A young British factory girl grabbed the hand of the visiting Soviet Prime Minister (Mr. Kosygin) and said, "Hello, me old fruit." Soviet Embassy interpreters said the nearest Russian equivalent was a phrase meaning "sun-bleached pear."

Picture the task of trying to convey  
The nuances of greetings, what they mean,  
Discussing the fine differences in, say,  
"Old fruit," "old top," "old codger," and  
"old bean."

"Old fruit," one would endeavor to explain,  
May lack complete respect and yet implies  
At least a kind regard, for none would deign  
To thus address the people they despise.

Not quite the French "my cabbage." No, instead,  
From loving connotation it's exempt.  
"Old fruit," when all's considered, might be said  
To breed familiarity, but not contempt.

— Dorothy Drain

## POSITIVELY THE END OF CORN



D'Scholl's

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### To cherish your complexion

For the woman who cherishes her complexion, there is nothing more rewarding than a film of moist oil smoothed lightly over the skin. This moist oil of Ulan is vital to every type of complexion because it brings beauty as it nourishes the skin tissues against the drying, wrinkle-making effects of wind and weather. Used as a powder-base, oil of Ulan will give your make-up a matt finish and ensure a lovely, line-free complexion for all the years ahead.

... Margaret Merril

### Amazing American Discovery STOP STOOP

Improve your posture — whether sitting or standing — with straight shoulders, a full chest. Put an end to sagging shoulders. Whisper-light "Postastretch" is worn under clothing, can't be seen and is completely comfortable. For men, women or children. Enclose cheque or money order for \$7.95 to Dept. PW 4, 125 Mail Order House, 123 Regent Street, Sydney.





## 10 minutes and you're in Hong Kong

New Maggi Chicken Chow Mein. Rich egg noodles generously topped with tender chicken pieces, green vegetables and soy sauce, blended Chinese style. Maggi chefs have done all the hard work for you — chopped the chicken, sliced the vegetables, blended the sauce. All you do is cook for ten minutes. Ten magic minutes and you're in a Hong Kong eating house. There's a bowl of steaming, delicious Chow Mein ready to eat. (Chopsticks are optional.)

### New **MAGGI** Chicken Chow Mein

Page 18



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1967



## PATSY ANN NOBLE BACK HOME

# "She's marshmallow," says husband Alan

By  
MAUREEN  
HEYMAN

Actress-singer Patsy Ann Noble exercised a woman's prerogative and changed her mind about not accepting any work while she was in Sydney on her honeymoon with her husband, Alan Sharpe. Before returning to England she made a TV commercial to launch an English product in Australia for a cosmetic company.

MAKING a commercial, explained the new Mrs. Sharpe in her dressing-room before facing the cameras, was a fringe benefit of being an actress. She didn't consider it hard work, and it was fun.

I presume it was also lucrative.

Patsy was given star status at the North Sydney production company where the commercial was being filmed. Although she would be there for less than an eight-hour working day, the name, Patsy Ann Noble, was printed in bold black letters on a white card attached to her dressing-room door.

Behind the closed door, Patsy sat before a large mirror in a pretty blue and white, brunch-coat, having her dark brown hair dressed and her TV make-up put on.

Sitting in a nearby chair was her husband, Alan. Alan, a sales executive trainee with BOAC in London, at 24 looks rather like a younger brother of Rock Hudson. He is a rangy, broad-shouldered 6ft. 3in., with startling blue eyes emphasised by the golden tint he had acquired in Acapulco, where he and his bride were for a few weeks before coming to Sydney.

He was born in Egypt (his mother is half-Italian, half-French, his father is English), spent the early years of his life there, and then lived in Melbourne for 12 years before his family moved back to London.

"Imagine me marrying anyone from Melbourne!" joked Patsy.

To me, Patsy is the very essence of Sydney.

There is a slick sophistication, a deep-rooted sentimentality about places and people, a practical hard-headed business sense, an undeniable sweetness, and a warm, outgoing personality, all merging into the one very shapely 5ft. 5in. package.

She is far slimmer in reality than she is in photo-



graphs, and much prettier. Her coloring is that of a true brunette—deep velvet-brown eyes, a flawless olive complexion, and very white even teeth.

She weighs just a little over 8 stone, she told me, and never has to worry about dieting.

When I saw the young Sharpes, they had arrived in Sydney only the day before and hadn't had time to see any changes in Patsy's hometown.

They weren't planning to do any sightseeing ("except the Opera House, we simply must see that"), but Patsy did plan a sort of back-to-childhood pilgrimage.

"She's so sentimental, she's pure marshmallow!" Alan said fondly.

She wanted to show her husband the houses she knew and loved as a child. "The first house I remember was at Arncliffe, then there was our home at Marrickville, and later a really charming house at Kyle Bay. We still own that, but it's tenanted at the moment," Patsy said.

"And another thing I'm looking forward to is visiting my old school (St. Brigid's Convent, Marrickville), and I especially want to see my music teacher, Sister Gabriel.

Patsy Ann has changed only as much as anyone would in a span of five years—from a 17-year-old girl to a 22-year-old married woman with a successful career.

But she is nostalgic about her old associations, her old friends, and her long string of relatives. To Patsy, being back in Australia meant just one thing—old-home week.

She has no false modesty about her success in England. "I'm as well known now in Britain as I was in Aus-

tralia before I left, but I had to work hard to get where I am," she said.

"No one should go overseas unless they are extremely ambitious, have great tenacity, and are prepared to wait for the breaks. And certainly not without talents in many fields of entertainment. Being a pop artist is not enough—they are very far down the scale in London."

Patsy has had considerable success in revue and

## Television

concert work in London and on the Continent, and is becoming increasingly sought after for TV and movie roles.

I asked about one of my favorite TV men—Patrick McGeehan, of "Danger Man" fame. She co-starred with him in an episode.

"He has that same clipped English voice in real life, and exudes an air of great competency. He is very much the professional actor and—rather conscious of it, too."

Later I spoke to Alan on his own, while Patsy was recording the script.

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Momma once said when I was shopping for a birthday present for a friend and saw a set of golf clubs, "Is this man your friend? Is he married? Then don't buy him golf clubs. A man may not feel well enough to cut the lawn or walk two blocks to the grocery store for his wife. But just let his friend call up and say, 'How about a game of golf?' and he's gone in two minutes."

MOMMA'S MORAL: In Africa, tribesmen beat the ground with clubs and utter blood-curdling yells. Anthropologists call this primitive expression. Here we call it golf.



IN SYDNEY: Patsy Ann and her husband, Alan Sharpe, at left, on their honeymoon in Sydney. It was Patsy's first trip home in five years. Her parents, "Buster" Noble and Helen de Paul, who have been with Patsy since she went to London, are expected back in Sydney this year.

IN LONDON: Patsy Ann Noble arriving at St. Thomas More's Church, London, on January 28, for her marriage to Alan Sharpe. With her is her father, comedian "Buster" Noble, and sister, Mandy, 11. Patsy wore a traditional Russian wedding gown of white velvet trimmed with fur.

"We met, fell in love, and became engaged on the ship going to London," he said. "But in only a matter of months we had to face the fact that we were thoroughly incompatible. I can tell you we went through hell!"

We were too young, each too accustomed to getting our own way.

"We agreed to separate for a year. During that time we didn't see one another, but we did a lot of thinking and in the process we grew up."

"I realise now that there's no such thing as a boss in marriage. I find myself wanting to do everything Patsy wants, and the funny thing is that she feels the same way, only in reverse. She wants to do everything for me."

"Yes, it's possible that there will be times when someone comes up to me and calls me 'Mr. Noble.' Why should I mind this?"

"When Patsy is not working she will be Mrs. Sharpe, and that's the main thing."

Alan says Patsy shares his firm ideas about children and their upbringing.

"Our children will be brought up in Australia and Patsy will definitely have her first child in Sydney—though probably not for a few years yet."

"She even has the hospital picked out."

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FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 1, 1967



Peaches without cream?  
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Straight from the can it's rich and creamy.  
Chilled and whipped it makes thick,  
luxurious toppings. Enjoy Carnation —  
the milk 'from contented cows'.



Perfect partners . . .  
Carnation and canned fruits

New! Easy-to-open can  
Now the Carnation can has a raised rim.  
It's easy to open with any can opener.







A PADDLE STEAMER on the Murray River near Mildura. Picture by Douglass Baglin.

## FEBRUARY 26

**1826** Bank of Australia established. This bank had a lifetime of only 22 years. For the most part the early settlers had to improvise a system of barter or to use such currency as could be obtained from trading ships. Commercial operations within New South Wales came to depend on payment in kind, store receipts, promissory notes, or an odd assortment of coin, the chief of which was the Spanish dollar.

**1864** The first sod of a Queensland railway turned at Ipswich by Lady Bowen, wife of the first Governor of Queensland. This railway line was to be built from Ipswich to Toowoomba and from there to Dalby and Warwick.

**1910** The first appointment of High Commissioner of Australia. On his retirement from Australian politics, Sir George Reid was appointed to the newly created office in London.

## FEBRUARY 27

**1788** The first execution in Australia. One of the first permanent Government structures erected in the settlement in Sydney was a gallows. James Barrett, aged 17, stole some food because he was hungry. He was charged, convicted, sentenced, and hanged on the gallows the same day. With the limited supplies carried in the First Fleet, food was precious; hence the crime was regarded as a serious one.

**1810** Arrival in Sydney of the pioneer clergyman Rev. Robert Cartwright. Cartwright became deeply interested in the welfare of the aborigines, and this made him a favorite of Governor Macquarie.

**1830** First issue of the "Fremantle Journal" and "General Advertiser." This newspaper was in manuscript form. While the news was "hot" and the newspaper a novelty, as much as 3/6 was paid for it. When the paper was a couple of days old, it sold for 1/6, and left-over copies were nailed up in public places.

# AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

• A series by  
Bill Beatty

## FEBRUARY 28

**1790** The first convict emancipated. He was John Irving, who had been sentenced to seven years' transportation for larceny. As he had some knowledge of medicine, he was employed as a hospital assistant. The surgeons found him a "very useful man," and Lieut. Ralph Clark described him as "the best surgeon amongst them." Irving received a grant of 30 acres at Parramatta, where he died in 1795, but he was paid no salary for his medical work.

**1880** Death of John H. Challis, university benefactor. Challis migrated to Australia in 1829 and eventually he became a partner in a firm of general merchants. Always interested in the Sydney University, he made several gifts to it and willed the whole of his residuary estate to the University—which amounted to about \$752,000. Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney, is named after him.

**1890** Wreck of the Quetta. The Quetta, one of the latest passenger steamers on the London-Brisbane run, had a gay send-off from Brisbane and was travelling through the Torres Strait when she struck an uncharted rock. Of the 291 persons aboard only 109 were saved. The mystery of the uncharted rock was solved when survey vessels later found that it was a pinnacle of growing coral which had built up over the 30 years since earlier surveys.

## MARCH 1

**1816** The brothers John, George, and

Solomon Bowers hanged. The world has no known parallel of this extraordinary happening: In 1802 a Mr. and Mrs. Bowers were hanged in England. They had three children—sons—all of whom were transported to Australia. Found guilty of attempted robbery in Sydney, they were hanged on the one scaffold. Thus every member of the family was hanged.

**1821** Inauguration of Australia's first coaching service. The stagecoach ran between Sydney and Parramatta.

**1846** John Arthur appointed first superintendent of Melbourne Botanic Gardens. Arthur fenced a five-acre paddock near the grounds of Government House and laid it out in flowerbeds and plantations.

**1880** Foundation stone laid of the new lighthouse at South Head, Sydney. Sir Henry Parkes performed the ceremony. The original tower—the first lighthouse in Australia—was built in 1817 and was designed by Francis Greenway.

## MARCH 2

**1788** Governor Phillip discovered Pittwater.

**1826** Governor Brisbane's observatory at Parramatta abandoned. Brisbane spent a great deal of time at his lifelong study of astronomy. It is said that at his observatory at Parramatta he fixed the positions of over 7000 stars hitherto scarcely known to astronomers.

**1851** Census of Victoria taken. Population 77,345.

**1891** Federal Convention met in Sydney. This was one of the important steps leading to Federation of all the colonies. The first act of the convention was to appoint Sir Henry Parkes to the position of president and Sir Samuel Griffith vice-president.

## MARCH 3

**1756** Birth of David Collins, first Judge-Advocate and first Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania. When Collins was appointed Judge-Advocate to the potential settlement at Botany Bay and sailed with the First Fleet, he had no judicial experience to guide him in his new office. Yet all legal processes in the new colony had to pass under his hand and seal. However, his work period was only between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., and his pay was but 10/- a day. He made a little extra by acting as secretary to Governor Phillip, for which he received 5/- a day. In any case he was, next to Phillip himself, the most powerful man in the new settlement.

**1854** First telegraph line in Australia opened—Melbourne to Williamstown.

## MARCH 4

**1804** Mutiny of convicts at Castle Hill. Australia's first rebellion was an affair of brief duration, resulting in the death of about 15 rebels and the subsequent hanging of nine others. Many others were unmercifully flogged.

**1853** First navigation of the Murray River by a steam-driven trading boat. The Mary Ann, an ungainly home-built vessel of 20 tons, was owned by Francis Cadell, who had long believed in the advantages of transport by this great waterway. A picture of the Murray River at Mildura appears above.

**1878** Opening of the present Great Synagogue in Sydney. The Hobart Synagogue is the oldest existing one in Australia—built in 1845.



*BAZAZZ! said Max Factor & suddenly Pink went POW! Ginger went SNAP!  
Plum came on with a BANG! BAZAZZ! said Max Factor & The Bazazz Age began.*

# BAZAZZ



*Bazazzberry Frost on her lips...  
Unmatching Creme No. 4 on  
her fingertips. That's what  
Bazazz is all about!*





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**BAZAZZ AGE COLORS by MAX FACTOR**



# DESIGNS THAT WON WOOL

● Here — and overleaf — are the 1967 designs commended by a panel of judges for the Australian Wool Bureau. They were chosen for their fashion rightness, color, quality of fabric, excellence of manufacture, and price. As a result of the awards, wool fashion will be more versatile and exciting than ever. The designs shown are available in stores throughout Australia at approximately the prices given.

● Smart twosome (right). Flame-red wool twill coat and black-and-white check wool dress. Slim coat has neat collar; skimmer dress has high yoke. Approx. \$70. Fashion award for Norma Tullo Pty. Ltd.



● Ankle-length granny dress (right), made in hot pink and tangerine printed washable wool flannel. The dress has a high yoke forming short cap sleeves. Approx. \$30. Won fashion award for Kenneth Pirrie Creations Pty. Ltd.



● One-piece pants suit (above), made in peppermint-green wool twill. The suit has long sleeves and a button-through front fastening. Approx. \$30. Suit won a fashion award for Trent Pty. Ltd.



● Long-line belted jacket and matching shorts (above, right) in cyclamen-pink and olive-green plaid wool. The jacket is belted low in green suede. The short cuffed trousers peek below the jacket. Approx. \$42. Suit won a fashion award for Trent Pty. Ltd.

● Two-piece slacks suit (right), made in lacquer-pink wool twill. The suit has a long-sleeved sweater top, banded in navy. The slacks are straight-cut. Approx. \$37. Award for Norma Tullo Pty. Ltd.



● Topcoat, made in African violet wool broadcloth, has a free swinging silhouette. Approx. \$45. Fashion award for Leroy Manufacturing Co. Ltd.





# FASHION AWARDS, 1967



● Free-flaring topcoat (below) in dark cyclamen and fir-green basket-weave wool check. The coat is co-ordinated with a matching printed silk blouse and cyclamen wool skirt. Approx. \$62. Won fashion award for John J. Hilton Pty. Ltd.



● After-five dress, made in fine white wool gabardine, has a double skirt and a crystal button trim on the bodice. Approx. \$60. Fashion award for Stephen Glass and Co. Pty. Ltd.

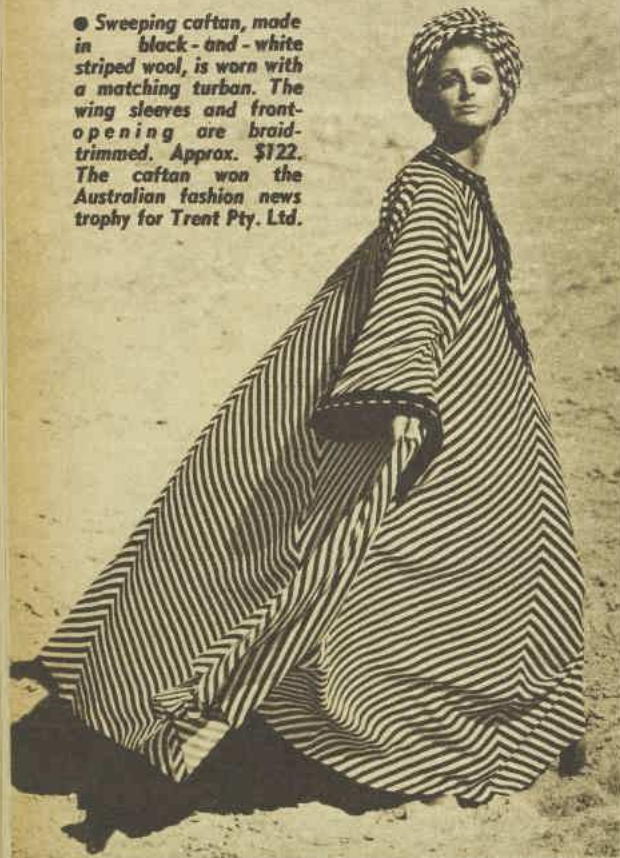
● Slender ankle-length evening dress (left) in silver glitter wool crepe, has a halter-slung bodice and flared fullness at back. Approx. \$73. Dress won The Australian Women's Weekly Gold Cup for Franke Stuart and Co.



Continuing . . .

# WOOL FASHION AWARDS, 1967

● Sweeping caftan, made in black-and-white striped wool, is worn with a matching turban. The wing sleeves and front-opening are braid-trimmed. Approx. \$122. The caftan won the Australian fashion news trophy for Trent Pty. Ltd.



● Tailored suit (left), made in green flannel. Long-line, single-breasted jacket has a cutaway front. The skirt is A-line. Approx. \$49. The suit won a fashion award for Hueston Fashions Pty. Ltd.

● Glamorous twosome (below). Floor-length evening dress, made in black wool crepe, has a bias-cut skirt. Evening coat in black-and-white-chevron striped wool is belted high with a self-material belt. Approx. \$94. Ensemble won the supreme award for Trent Pty. Ltd.



● Front-buttoned, A-line shirt-dress (right) made in orange wool knit. The above-knee skirtline has a wide quilted hemline and welted darting. Approx. \$25. Dress won a fashion award for Princeton.



● Cassack pants suit, made in caramel wool twill, has a long-line jacket, self-material slotted belt, epaulets, high-buttoned collar. Approx. \$39. Suit won the designers' award for Jonathan Crawford Pty. Ltd.



Now was the chance for Petya to win  
the praise of the brave militia-woman

# THE LION



**I**T all began with an utterly fantastic event:  
The lion, that magnificent king of the beasts,  
got stinking drunk. He kept stumbling on all four  
paws and kneeling over on his side. It was a  
catastrophe.

The lion attended Leningrad University and at  
the same time worked as an extra at the ballet  
theatre. In today's performance, he was to stand  
on a cliff, dressed in a lion skin, and wait to be  
struck by a spear thrown by the heroine. Then the  
dead lion would fall from the cliff on to a  
mattress backstage. Everything had gone excellently  
during rehearsals, but now, on the day of the  
premiere, a half hour before curtain time, the  
lion played his swinish trick.

There were no substitute extras, and the show  
could not be cancelled: It was to be attended by  
a People's Commissar who had just arrived from  
Moscow. The director called an emergency meet-  
ing in his office.

There was a knock at the door, and the theatre  
fireman, Petya Zherybyakin, entered the room.  
The director shouted at him, "Well, what is it?  
What do you want? I have no time now! Get the  
hell out!"

"I—Comrade Director—I mean, about the lion,"  
said the fireman.

"Well, what about the lion?"

"I mean, as our lion is plastered, maybe I could  
play the lion, Comrade Director . . ."

I don't know whether there are bears with  
freckles and blue eyes, but if there are such bears,  
then the hulking Zherybyakin, in his huge peasant  
boots, was much more like a bear than a lion.  
Could he, by some miracle, be made into a lion?

He swore he could; he swore that he had  
watched all the rehearsals from the wings and that  
back in his soldier days he had played in "The  
Emperor Maximilian." And, just to spite the stage  
manager, who had permitted himself a crooked grin,

To page 28



BY YEVGENY ZAMYATIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



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**GLOMESH**

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**LINCOLN**  
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Then, three weeks ago, she discovered Stop 'n Grow, the wonderful new nail biting deterrent.

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UGH! The bitter taste of

Stop 'n Grow flashed a warning... and she stopped!

Stop 'n Grow

— does not stain

— does not show

— goes over nail polish

Today, Judy's nails are long, strong and beautiful—and she is cured of nail biting.

Is there a nail biter of any age in your family? Then get Stop 'n Grow from your chemist.

## THE LION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

the director ordered Zherebyakin to dress up instantly and try for the part.

A few moments later the musicians on the stage began to play the lion's march. The lion, Petya Zherebyakin, stepped out in his lion skin as though he had been born in the Libyan Desert instead of in a village in the province of Ryazan. But at the last moment, when he was supposed to fall from the cliff, he looked down — and stood petrified.

"Fall, you devil! Go on, fall!" the stage manager screamed at him furiously.

The lion obediently plopped down. He fell heavily on his back and lay there, unable to get up. Was there to be another catastrophe at the very last moment?

He was helped up. He climbed out of the skin and stood there, clutching his back and smiling in confusion. One of his upper teeth was missing, and this made his smile pathetic and childlike.

Fortunately, there were no serious injuries. He asked for water, and the director ordered a glass of tea to be brought from his office. After Petya Zherebyakin had drunk the tea, the director exhorted him, "All right, my friend, you've called yourself a lion. Now, climb back into the skin! Go on, climb, brother, and quick. We're starting soon!"

Somebody obligingly offered Zherebyakin the skin, but he refused to climb into it. He declared that he must leave the theatre for a moment, refusing to explain why and only grinning in embarrassment.

**T**HE director flew into a temper. He tried to order Zherebyakin to obey, reminding him that he was a candidate for Party membership, that he was a shock-worker, but the shock-worker lion stubbornly persisted. They had to give in. Beaming his gap-toothed smile, Petya Zherebyakin rushed out of the theatre.

"Where the devil is he off to?" the director asked everybody, turning red with rage. "What's the secret?"

Nobody could enlighten the director. The only one who knew the answer was Petya Zherebyakin.

Now, while he is hurrying through the autumn rain, let us slip away for a moment to the June night three months earlier when the secret was born. That night there was no night, but only the long, northern day. In the rosy glass of the canals, the upside-down trees, windows, and columns of old imperial Petersburg dozed lightly.

And suddenly there was the faintest breeze, and the image of Petersburg vanished. In its place was the newly renamed city of Leningrad, with the red flag over the Winter Palace stirring in the wind and a militiaman with a rifle standing near the wrought-iron fence of the Alexandrovsky Garden.

The militiaman was surrounded by a band of night workers. From behind their backs, Petya Zherebyakin could see only the militiaman's face, round and smooth like a Ryazan honey-apple. Something very strange was taking place: the men were pawing at the militiaman's hands and shoulders, and finally one of the workers, stretching out his lips, tenderly smacked him on the cheek. The militiaman turned purple and furiously blew his whistle. The workers scattered.

Petya Zherebyakin remained alone face to face with the militiaman — and then the militiaman changed just as suddenly as the mirrored Petersburg, when it was ruffled by the wind. Zherebyakin saw before him a girl in a militia uniform and cap, the first militia-woman posted by the Revolution on Nevsky Prospect. Her black eyebrows met angrily over her nose, and sparks flew from her eyes.

"Shame on you, comrade!" That was all she said to Petya Zherebyakin, but how she said it!

He was unnerved and muttered guiltily, "I swear it wasn't me! I was just going home..."

"You... A worker, too!" The militia-woman looked at him. But how she looked!

If there had been a trap-door in the pavement, Zherebyakin would have dropped into it, and that would have been a blessing. But he was forced to walk off slowly, feeling eyes on his back that burned him through and through.

The next night was again a northern white night, and again comrade Zherebyakin walked home from his job at the theatre, and again the militia-woman stood at her post by the gate of the Alexandrovsky Garden.

Zherebyakin wanted to slip by, but he noticed her looking at him and greeted her with guilty confusion. She nodded. Dawn gleamed on the mirror-black steel of her rifle, and the steel seemed pink. Zherebyakin trembled before this pink rifle more than he had trembled before all the rifles that had fired at him for five years on various fronts.

Not until a week later did he dare address the militia-woman. It turned out that she was also from the Ryazan province and still remembered the honey-apples of their native Ryazan. Sweet, with just a touch of bitterness. There were no such apples here...

Every night, on his way home, Zherebyakin stopped at the Alexandrovsky Garden. The white nights had gone altogether mad, and the green, rose, and copper sky never darkened for a second. In the garden, embracing couples sought the shade, as in the daytime, to escape being seen.

It was on such a night that Zherebyakin asked the militia-woman, clumsily, in bearlike fashion, "And tell me, for example, are you militia-women allowed to get married during the performance of duty? I mean, not during actual performance, but generally — seeing as your service is military-like..."

"Why get married?" Katya the militia-woman asked, leaning on her rifle. "We're now like men. If we want to, we love just the same..."

Her rifle was rose-colored. The militia-woman raised her face to the feverishly flaming sky, then looked off somewhere past Zherebyakin and added, "For example, if there was a man who wrote poems. Or an actor, who'd come out, and the whole theatre would clap..."

A honey-apple bittersweet, Petya Zherebyakin understood that he had better go and never return again: He was finished.

But no, he wasn't! There are miracles on earth! When the incredible event took place, and the lion, by the dispensation of heaven, got himself stewed, Petya Zherebyakin had a mighty inspiration and rushed to the director's study...

However, all this was a matter of the past. Now he was speeding through the

autumn rain to Glinka Street, where he knew the militia-woman lived. Luckily, it was right around the corner from the theatre, and, luckily, he found Katya at home.

At this moment, however, she was not a militia-woman, but simply Katya. Her sleeves rolled up, she was laundering a white blouse in a basin. There were dewdrops on her nose and forehead, and she had never seemed more desirable than now.

When Zherebyakin told her that he was playing in the show that night and gave her a free pass, she did not believe him. Then she became interested. Then for some reason, she turned shy and rolled down her sleeves. Then she looked at him — but how she looked! — and said that she would come, without fail.

The bell for the curtain shrilled in the smoking room, the corridors, and the foyer of the theatre. The bald-headed People's Commissar squinted through his pince-nez from the loge.

**O**N the stage, behind the curtain, ballerinas smoothed out their tutus, with the gesture of swans preening their wings. And behind the cliff, near the lion, the stage manager and the director were frenzied with anxiety.

"Remember, you're a shock-worker! Remember, don't mess it up!" the director whispered into the lion's ear.

The curtain began to rise, and beyond the blazing line of footlights the lion saw the dark hall, filled to the top with the white blurs of faces. Once, long ago, when he had still been Zherebyakin, he had climbed out of a trench, with shells exploding around him. At each explosion, he had jumped and crossed himself by old peasant habit; nevertheless, he had continued to run forward.

Now it seemed to him that he could not take a single step. But the stage manager gave him a push, and he dragged himself with suddenly alien hands and feet on to the cliff.

On the summit of the cliff, the lion raised his head and saw, quite near him, in the second-tier loge, the militia-woman, Katya; she was looking straight at him. The lion's heart thumped loudly once, twice, and stopped. He shivered; his fate hung in the balance, and the spear was already flying at him. Wham! — and it struck his side. Now he must fall. But what if he made a mistake and spoiled everything? He was more terrified than he had ever been in his life, much more than when he climbed out of the trench.

The audience already had noticed that something was wrong on stage: The mortally wounded lion was standing motionless on the cliff, looking down. Those in the front row heard the stage manager's desperate whisper, "Fall, you devil, fall!"

And then came something altogether fantastic: The lion raised his right paw, rapidly crossed himself, and dropped from the cliff like a stone.

A moment of stunned silence followed, and then like a deadly, bursting shell, wild laughter exploded in the hall. Tears of laughter ran down the cheeks of Katya the militia-woman.

Backstage, on the mattress, the stricken lion sobbed, hiding his muzzle in his paws.

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# THE SNAKE ORCHID

BY NONI BRAHAM



"Don't go any further," William cautioned his brother, Sean, as they approached the ranges.

ALONG the track beside the pig pen where silky oaks crowded the fence, past the barn, toward the dairy and the house, the two brothers came hurrying, their hats full of mushrooms. Sean, aged eight, ran headlong, while William, three years older, strode steadily behind.

"Look out, Sean, you'll drop them," he called, but Sean, wild with excitement, plunged on, tripped, recovered, and was away again, miraculously retaining his hoard.

The two boys were, as usual, holidaying on their uncle's farm, which lay cradled between heavily timbered hills. Sean reached the gate of the farmhouse and waited, panting. He was a thin, knobby-kneed little boy, with ears that dwarfed his sensitive face. His eyes were blue and excitement had lit them like a fire. His hair shot in all directions and the two top and bottom buttons of his shirt flapped unjoined, for Sean had never been known to dress himself properly.

This was Sean, the despair of his parents and his teacher and a constant responsibility for his brother, who had to ward off the myriad disasters he courted each day. When admonished, he slumped his thin shoulders until they almost met, looking like a sick sparrow, while his clear eyes filled with tears.

"Give me your hat, Sean," William was beside him now and took possession of his mushrooms.

"Good boys!" called their aunt from the steps of

the house, smoothing her hands down over her apron. Comfortably fat, she had a serene face, with heavy hair drawn back into a bun. Without haste she went inside and brought them out a glass of milk, still warm from the cow, and a plate of hot cakes, baked in the old fuel range, roaring in a galvanised-iron recess in the kitchen.

"Sit on the steps now and peel them," she said. The mushrooming was a morning ritual. Awakened by the first notes of the butcher-bird, the boys raced to the mushroom paddock where the dew was heavy enough to bring up a crop daily. The mushrooms, barely touched by the sun, were exquisitely white and free from blemish.

Even William lost his usual calm and plunged wildly around the paddock after them, while to Sean, the mushrooms peeping from a tuft of grass, shining from the shadows of a bush, arranging themselves in half-formed circles, were offerings from the earth and the night, and he had to leap and jump and call to express his delight.

Sean had not yet left the child's world of fantasy and the conflict between this and reality, particularly at school, made him screw up his face and blink his eyes and rebel against adults and all they stood for.

"Leave him alone. Don't badger him and he'll come good," his aunt had counselled his mother after listening without too much patience to her sighs about Sean's behaviour. She left the boys alone as much as possible

To page 31

## Now "DEEP HEAT" treatment warms away rheumatism

Since the earliest days of medicine, warmth has played a major role in treatment of rheumatism, lumbago and fibrositis. Even before these afflictions got their names, people knew warmth was the most effective treatment for a stiff neck, an aching back, strains, sprains, or any other muscular ache or pain.

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HEAT rub goes right down through the pores, and spreads its glowing warmth beneath the skin, freeing those pain-locked muscles and restoring your blood circulation to normal. Just seconds after you replace the cap on your tube of DEEP HEAT rub, you feel it working, warming as the pain begins to melt away. Always keep a tube of non-greasy, non-staining DEEP HEAT rub on hand to treat those sudden attacks of shooting muscular pain. Standard tubes only 80 cents, new large size \$1.55 from Chemists everywhere.

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# DRESS SENSE

by  
**BETTY  
KEEP**

● This front-buttoned shirt shift is my design choice for a young married reader who requested a dateless style that is easy to make. Part of her letter and my reply are published at right.

*"I am seeking your advice about a simple style to make in a lightweight wool. The dress is to wear in the daytime. I want a style that is not too difficult to cut and sew. I have a 38in. bust."*

Illustrated at right is the design you wrote me about. The dress has a tab front, long sleeves, and roll collar. Actually it's an all-seasons classic design and is a good basic pattern for any type of fabric. If you decide to order a pattern, full details are given under the picture.



3568.—Shirt shift in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3568, price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

*"I am being married in a formal bridal gown and wearing a long veil. It is a church wedding and will take place at 3.30 p.m. What is the correct attire for the bridegroom, and should he wear gloves?"*

When the bride wears a formal wedding dress the correct male attire is a morning suit. However, as fashion has become less formal in recent years, a dark lounge suit is also accepted as being correct. Gloves are worn with a morning suit, but not with a lounge suit.

*"I have 3½yds. 44in. brocade to make a simple late-day suit. Could you provide me with a suit pattern for a 42in. bust?"*

Our pattern department has a design for a two-piece suit, and it should look very attractive made in brocade. The single-breasted jacket is unlined, has a semi-fit, and is finished with ¾-length sleeves and a V-neckline with a round collar. The skirt is straight. The price of the pattern, 65c, includes postage. The pattern is available in your area. Address order to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

*"I am 15 and would like to know what is a popular style for a teenager's party dress."*

The most-worn style for your age group is a turtle-neck one-piece. The design is soft and straight from the neckline, and the armhole is cut deep to expose a bare round shoulder.

*"Do you think a wrist-length glove would make large hands appear smaller?"*

Not really. Your best choice would be a simple classic glove reaching to just above the wrist.

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\*Regd. Trade Mark

**Johnson & Johnson**



## THE SNAKE ORCHID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

and each day of the holiday Sean's nervous mannerisms grew less.

Sitting on the step with William, he was perfectly content, delicately pulling the skin under and over the perfect vegetable, occasionally nibbling the soft pink pieces, until the mushrooms were drawn up, like shorn sheep, ready for cooking.

They put them in an old black frying pan smeared with butter and fried them on the stove, watching the pink flesh darken, while drops of juice gathered and fell into the sizzling butter. Sean waved the steam toward him, sniffing the delicious smell. They ate from the pan, sitting in the sun, sipping up the juice with bread.

It was late winter, but spring came early in the valley and the "eggs and bacon" were already blazing on the hill in front.

"Hey," said William, licking his fingers, "let's go to the gorge!"

"Aw, gee," Sean turned to look at him, awestruck. "Aw, gee," he repeated, "not the gorge!"

Ever since they could remember, the boys had heard of the gorge — the lair of a rogue dingo which ripped to pieces any calf which strayed near by and the breeding place of snakes. It lay "over the back" in rough, semi-deserted country.

William, who occasionally wanted the forbidden and without the slightest pang of conscience, would hoodwink adults to get it, had decided long ago that some day he would investigate the gorge, although he knew even his easy-going uncle and aunt would not allow it.

"Sean and I want to go for a long walk," he announced, walking into the kitchen where his aunt was busy mixing a cake.

"Take what you want," she said, and William methodically picked out fruit and cake.

"Just keep an eye out for snakes. It's early yet, but the sun's warming up and they'll soon be out. Your uncle caught sight of a big black one near the dairy only last night."

"We might be quite late back," said William courteously.

"That's all right, William. There's a full moon tonight."

William slung a calico bag with their provisions across his back and the two boys made off across the paddock lying fallow above the house. Sean, misgivings forgotten, flapped his arms rapidly, roared like a plane taking off, and charged across the paddock. "Don't waste your energy," William called after him, "we've a long way to go"; but Sean ran round and round his brother like a puppy until they had to get through the fence.

Here the bush took over, with trees close packed and the ground covered with sanaparilla, stinkwort, "eggs

and bacon," and a thousand unnamed creepers and ferns. As they scrambled up through nests of vines, over fallen tree trunks, a small grey-and-white bird kept them company. It was always with them as they trekked through the bush, and as it swooped above chatting and flirting its tail Sean greeted it as an old friend.

At last, sweating and hot, they rested on a log at the summit and gazed down at the farmhouse with a curl of smoke above it and the cows standing near the dairy.

Here on top of the ridge were myriads of birds, flying from tree to tree, like falling leaves. Silent one moment, they sang piercingly close the next, while on the fringe of hearing, like sounds remembered from a dream, came the ring of bellbirds.

"Come on," William shouldered his provisions and turned down the other side of the hill. This slope lay in shadow. There were no houses, no paddocks, only the waving tops of trees running to the very summit of ranges bulked against the sky.

The little grey-and-white bird stayed, scolding in the sunlight. Sean glanced back at the farm and hesitated, but William was clambering down the hill, and at last he hurried after him. Then, "Wait," he called, pointing to the clay at his feet. Large pad marks, widely spaced, dug deeply into the dirt. "They're not a wallaby's," Sean remarked fearfully.

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 1000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Must be the dingo's," William commented. "What a whopper." The tracks ran down toward their destination and the boys followed until they were covered by leaves.

Not a sound disturbed the heavy air. Leaning toward them from a tree's twisted root a bright red toadstool gleamed. Sean skirted it, afraid to go near, for it looked so happily evil. Suddenly a crow cawed above, as the brothers half fell between the still trees, and Sean, hurrying after William, wanted desperately to go back.

However, the creek they found at the bottom was for the two boys a dream fulfilled. Cascading from one pool to the next, through copes of half-grown wattles, with spring buds already swelling on the lacy branches, it ran cheerfully over stones, transforming them to jewels, through patches of green moss,

crowned with a filigree of brown.

Watercress swayed near the banks, where the water was rich with the plumpest tadpoles the boys had ever seen, and, joy of joys, fish fully three inches long wavered like shadows deep in the pools, as the bars of sunlight washed across them. Dragonflies, threads of scarlet and blue, darted above, and water spiders skimmed the surface in ever-widening circles.

"Now don't go any farther, silly," William cautioned Sean, who, quivering with delight, almost toppled in, but in his quiet way he was as thrilled as his brother. They forgot why they had come, forgot the dark hill cutting them off from the farm, forgot the threatening ranges ahead, and, lured from one pool to the next, let time fly as they grew closer and closer to the precipitous walls from which the creek flowed.

Meandering on, they ate their food, following the stream. It was not until the light darkened that they looked up. Walls of stone enclosed them, walls oozing water, where trees clung in contorted shapes, clutching for foot-holes in the cracks. Grey wreaths of moss dripped from the branches and the creek, running now between deep banks, was dark and silent.

Sean shivered. "Let's go back, William," he quavered, scarcely daring to raise his eyes. Every nerve told him of danger. He was sure that something lived beyond, something that waited for them. "We'll just see what's round the next bend," said his brother. Sean, whimpering now under his breath, followed as he clambered on. They had to climb sometimes on all fours as the gorge narrowed and soon only a ledge was left above the creek.

A dead branch caught at Sean's legs. Orange fungus clung to it and he shrank back, for this was always known as "snakes' bread." William was out of sight, and beginning to sob he hurried to catch him up. Across the ledge a broken tree trunk barred the way. Sean caught his brother's arm, pointing to it.

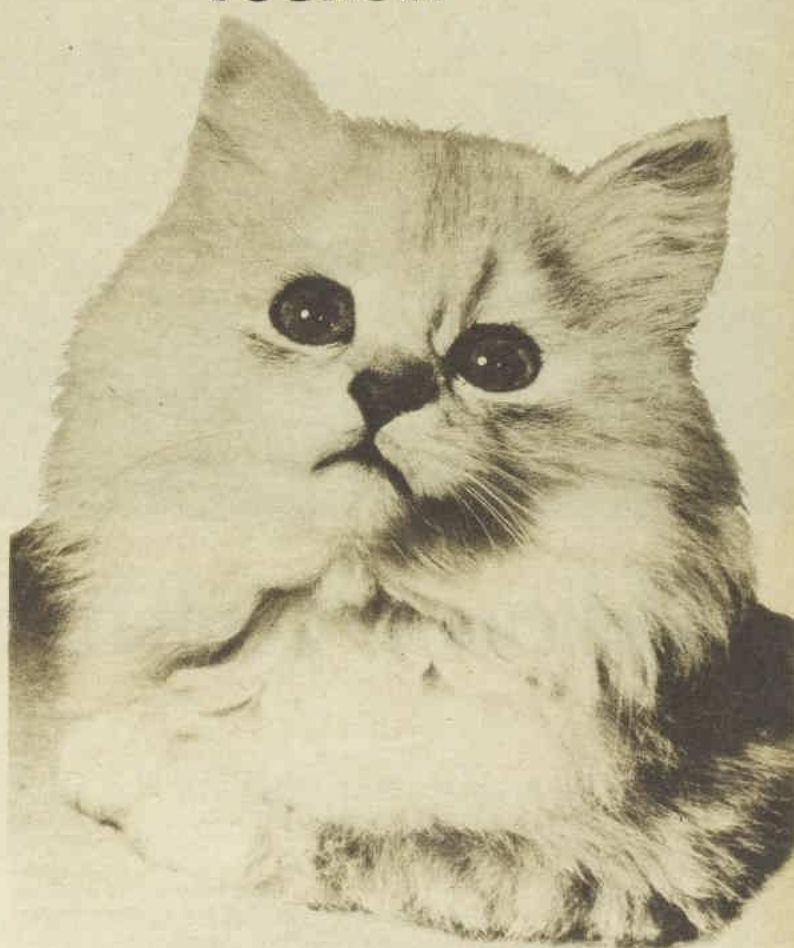
Writhing from the rock, encircling the grey wood, lay something long and dark. "It's a snake," Sean's voice was shrill.

"Don't be silly," said his brother. "It's only a plant — look." He bent closer. "It's an orchid."

From the fleshy coils hung creamy yellow flowers. William examined it closer and found they were spotted and had a sweet smell. "It's a snake orchid," replied Sean, wanting only to get away, but William had his knife out and was methodically opening it. "Don't pick it!" His voice was touched with hysteria, which his brother noted and decided to ignore. He cut the plant cleanly and had just unwound it when from the gathering twilight beyond came a horrifying howl. It reverberated against the cliffs and filled the gorge with echoes.

To page 34

# In the next year 200,000 cats in Australia may die from Feline Enteritis — ONE OF THEM COULD BE YOURS!!



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Page 31

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD







## Delicious: Confetti Rice with Curry Sauce!

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### CONFETTI RICE WITH CURRY SAUCE:

**INGREDIENTS:** 3 cups hot cooked Sunwhite Rice (1 cup raw); 1½ cups cooked peas; 3 dessertspoons chopped red pepper, blanched; *Curry Sauce:* 1 oz. butter; 1 medium onion, sliced; 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 dessertspoon curry powder; 2 cups milk; 3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped; 6 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1 teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper.

**METHOD:** Combine the Sunwhite Rice with the peas and red pepper. Spoon into a casserole and keep hot. *Curry Sauce:* Melt butter in a saucepan and fry the onion and red pepper for 5 minutes. Add flour and curry powder and cook a few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually and bring to the boil. Add the chopped eggs, shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Stir until cheese melts. Pour the sauce over the rice and serve. 4 servings.

*All spoon and cup measures are level.  
An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.*



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**KRAFT** for good food and good food ideas



# Ole! Flamenco doesn't lead him a dance

AS the young flamenco dancer moves into the spotlight at a Sydney restaurant, his face and hands expressing the primitive emotions of Spain, rhythm in every supple inch of him, few people would guess that he is Michael Gillmer, a 22-year-old Australian born and raised in Sydney.

"My great-grandparents were Andalusian gipsies, though," said Miguel — he prefers to be called by his professional name — "and I speak their gipsy *calo* dialect as well as Spanish."

Miguel had his first flamenco lesson at 13, and would skip school to see various Spanish dance companies that toured Australia.

"I was with my dancing teacher only a year," he said, "then we had an argument and I left."

The argument was over the rhythm of a particular part of a Spanish *Bulerias*, which the 14-year-old suggested was wrong.

"I'd heard it on a record," he said, "and in the end I proved that I was right."

For the next two years the young "gipsy" taught himself, working out his own techniques by listening to records of Spanish dancers like Jose Greco and Carmen Amaya.

"Once you have learnt the basic steps a lot is improvisation," he said. "There is no definite right or wrong as in classical or regional dancing, and the most difficult thing to master is the rhythm."

Miguel appeared professionally for the first time at 16. During the day he would

study for his Intermediate Certificate, he said, and at night dance the flamenco at a Spanish restaurant on Sydney's North Shore.

When Luisillo visited Australia in 1962, Miguel asked for an audition.

Although the great Mexican flamenco dancer was impressed, he didn't engage him, and Miguel — anxious to save money to see his beloved Spain — started working for his father, doing clerical duties and loading building supplies on to trucks.

"The following year I had saved enough," he said.

"Three days after I landed in Barcelona I met some gipsies — they usually hang around the American bars — and went to stay with them in their village."

## Bullfighting

Although living conditions were extremely poor — "I slept in a room with eight people" — Miguel said that he enjoyed every moment of the two weeks he was with them, and learnt a lot from their dancing. "I'd join in when they danced at baptisms and weddings."

Miguel's next stop was Madrid, Spain's first city. There he found a cheap pension, and took a closer look at another passion . . .

"It has always been a toss-up whether I would be a bullfighter or a professional flamenco dancer," he said. "Actually, there is little difference between the dancer's domination over rhythm and the bullfighter's domination over the bull."



But, deciding there was more security in flamenco dancing, Miguel went to Luisillo's Madrid studio.

"He remembered my audition in Australia, and asked me to join his company," he said. "I toured Spain, France, Germany, and Austria with him."

However, Miguel is still "wrapped" in bullfighting — in fact, since his return to Australia in 1965, he said, he has written two chapters of a novel "about the hardships of a bullfighter."

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## MEDICAL MYSTERY

A doctor, examining a seriously ill patient, finds no medical sign that she is improving. Her condition seems what it was on the previous day—in fact, she says that she feels no better.

Yet the doctor leaves, feeling that the patient is on the road to recovery. What led him to this conclusion? Elementary, my dear Watson! The lipstick clue.

According to an article in an American medical journal, when a sick woman applies lipstick it is often a sign that she is on the mend as surely as spring follows winter.

"When a woman is ill," the doctor wrote, "she usually stops applying make-up. As recovery ensues, there comes a time when she again dons lipstick. This is the lipstick sign."

He also observed that sometimes the lipstick sign may precede any other indication of recovery.

## ALL THE WORLD'S A SCHOOL

GOLD COAST schoolboy Clive Palmer, 12, recently crossed the Equator for the 33rd time since he made his first trip overseas, at two weeks old.

Although he has been around the world three times, and has made 14 trips out of Australia, he has a long way to go to catch up his father, travel agent George Palmer, of Surfers Paradise, who has been taking parties of tourists around the world — which he has circled 39 times — for 37 years.

"Although Clive's schooling has been broken by travel, he is still well up in his sixth grade," said his father.

One of the highlights of the Palmer family's tours was when they penetrated Red China in 1964.

"We travelled aboard a freighter which visited Red Chinese ports for two months," Mr. Palmer said.

"We managed to get permission to land at Shanghai, Peking, and Darien, although we had no visas."

Mr. Palmer filmed a 16mm. color movie of the Great Wall of China, 300 miles inland. As there were no facilities for processing color in China, he was allowed to bring the film back to Australia.

It is now part of his huge film library of more than 100 countries.

During the tour Clive and his parents gathered memories which will last a lifetime, including that of a guard at a barbed wire fence around one of the few Roman Catholic Churches allowed to remain open in 1964.

The Palmers' married daughter, Jean, now 21, bravely asked the guard:

"Is the fence to keep God in or out?"

The Palmer family's most terrifying voyage occurred

aboard a Dutch freighter in the millpond Java Sea, off Indonesia.

Clive was four and a wanderer. While his parents were asleep, he climbed out of the cabin porthole on to a 3in.-wide ledge running along the ship's side.

Screams from women passengers sounded the alert. Two Chinese stewards were lowered over the ship's rail.

As they closed in on Clive, he yelled: "You keep away from me!"

"Leave him alone," bel-lowed the Captain from the bridge, who had stopped the ship and swung out a lifeboat.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Palmer, forcing calmness into her voice, said: "What are you doing out there, Clive?"

"I'm looking for fishes," the four-year-old replied.

Finally, Mrs. Palmer managed to coax him to the porthole by saying: "Come here, love. There's some-

thing I want to brush off your back."

Quickly she grabbed him around the legs, and pulled him to safety.

That was the past. What of the future of one of the

most travelled 12-year-olds in Australia, who wants to be a lawyer when he grows up?

"He'll have to settle down to schoolwork, as education is most important for a boy."

● The Palmers . . . happy wanderers.



■ According to English historian Sir Arthur Bryant, an authority on Samuel Pepys and his period, even when the 17th-century diarist was kept awake at night by the sound of people snoring, he seemed to find it entertaining. "But, Lord," Pepys wrote in his famous diary, "the mirth which it caused me to be waked in the night by this snoring round about me: I did laugh till I was ready to burst!"



## THE BOYFRIEND



"Don't get any ideas — I'm only washing up because my hands were dirty!"

"The dingo!" Sean was struck still with terror, but William caught up his orchid and gave Sean a shove. "Get going," he ordered, and they began to scuttle back. "Go steady," William cautioned, for a mist had risen from the water and they had to feel their way. Again the dingo howled, closer this time, and William held his brother back. Stopping his panic, making him go slowly until they were at last on flat ground.

The pools were now black and unfriendly. Bushes caught at their clothes; vines, unnoticed before, tripped them. A dozen times William pulled Sean to his feet, for he was running in terror. He did not say anything but would not stop, although he could hear Sean gasping for breath and his own lungs were bursting.

## THE SNAKE ORCHID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

The hill between them and home loomed black. William hesitated for a minute as they left the creek.

"Are we lost?" Sean whimpered.

"Of course not. Take a pull on yourself, Sean."

The dingo howled once more and the two boys bolted up the hill. William's orchid clinging snakelike across his body. He hauled Sean up the steepest patches, rescued him when he slithered back, making always for the faint daylight he could glimpse at the summit.

At last they reached the top and, heaving for breath, rested,

safe at last. Beyond the rim of the valley—a red-gold toadstool, monstrously big—the full moon grew from the horizon. Paling to white, it swung clear into the sky. Sean felt he could step off the hill on to it. Even William was stirred, and placing his orchid across a tree trunk, sat down beside it, cross-legged and beat his knees like a tom-tom, chanting to the orchid and the moon. Across the centre of the white sphere a snake slithered, growing and growing until the light darkened. From below the hill came the howl of the dingo. Without another word the boys plunged down to the farm. William returning to grab his orchid.

At bedtime the brothers had a fight Sean did not want the "snake orchid," as he called it, in the bedroom. William did. Sean threw himself at his brother, scratching and biting. William said, "Girls scratch and bite, boys punch." He then punched him hard and pushed him on to his bed, which, like his, was a mattress on the floor of the spare room. Sean sobbed for a while, then snuffed himself to sleep.

HE woke to a silent world. Through the window the moonlight, brighter than day, fell on the orchid trailing across the chair. Eyes just peeping above the covers, Sean watched it so intently it seemed to move. He blinked and looked again. Slowly the path of the moonlight moved and the chair was in shadow, but Sean kept watching.

Something gleamed and shimmered across the patch of light toward the mattress where William slept peacefully. It reared up and swayed backward and forward. Sean rolled from his blanket, reached for the broom handle in the corner, flung it at the snake, knocking it away from his brother, and screamed for his uncle.

The uncle soon dispatched the snake. "You saved your brother's life," he told Sean when the turmoil was over.

"You'd better come into my bed and your uncle will sleep near William," said his aunt, when a warm drink and warmth had still not stopped the little boy's shivering. She cuddled him close, feeling his bony frame trembling, until at last, half-crying, he told her of his fear of the "snake orchid."

He waited for ridicule, but the placid woman glimpsed a little of the muddled world of fears and imaginings in which he lived, and remembering patches of her own childhood—her make-believe companion, Nellie, more real at the time than her own parents—pondered well before replying.

"Now, Sean," she said at last, "if you hadn't been afraid of the orchid and stayed watching, William might have been killed."

"Yes," Sean hiccupped agreement.

"And," she continued, "you really knew it was a proper snake. Otherwise you wouldn't have hit it with the broom."

Sean relaxed at the rather uncertain reasoning, and the next morning, "You're growing up now and you're growing away from lots of baby things that you believe in. We all have to." The boy was almost asleep now and she went on more or less to herself. "The trouble is we lose so many exciting, wonderful things once we are no longer children."

Next morning the boys watched some ceremony burn the "snake orchid," although Sean saw it now only as a withered plant and wondered how he could have feared it. His aunt, watching them return, William with his arm over his brother's shoulder and Sean laughing up at him, realized that Sean was at last coping with the transition into boyhood.

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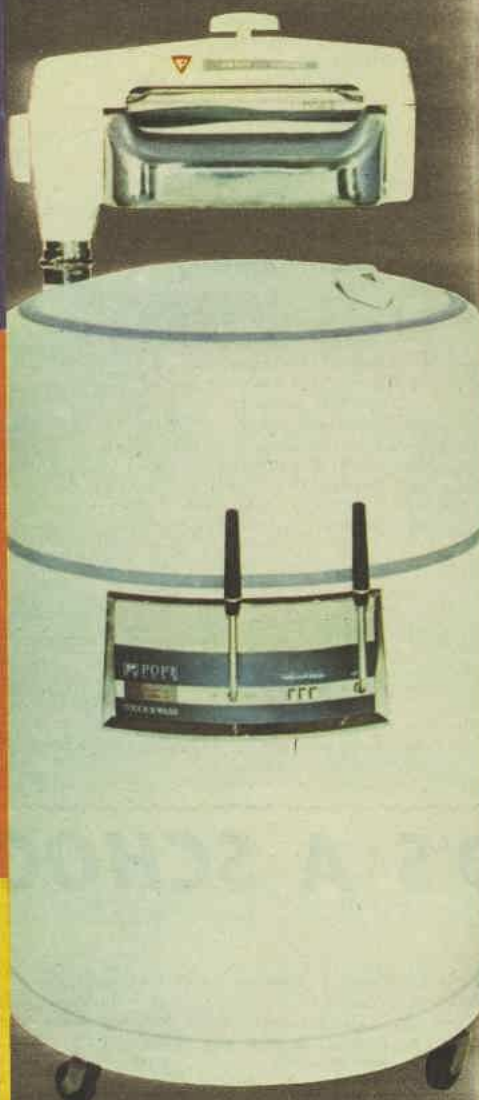
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1960



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The AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY — MAY 1967

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**FRIDAY CHICKEN:** An unusual recipe in which the herb-flavored stuffing is spread beneath the skin of the bird. It is easy to prepare.



## FAMOUS ACTOR'S COOK BOOK

● Three pages of wonderful recipes from a superb cook book, "A Treasury of Great Recipes," by U.S. film actor Vincent Price and his wife.

IN their sumptuous and beautiful cook book, "A Treasury of Great Recipes," actor Vincent Price and his wife, Mary, present the famous special dishes of the world's most famous restaurants.

Mr. and Mrs. Price have incorporated in one book all the memorable recipes for dishes enjoyed in many years of travel. And yet, with few exceptions, they are dishes that can be prepared easily in the home kitchen.

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Here is a selection of recipes from the book:

### SCAMPI ALLA LIVORNESE

(Fried Prawns: Serves 4 as appetiser)

large shrimps (prawns)	shallots (optional)
milk	salt, pepper
cooking oil	sweet white wine
flour	butter
garlic (optional)	lemon, parsley

1. Remove shells from: 12 large raw shrimps (prawns). Remove intestinal vein running down backs. With a small, sharp knife, make three cuts from tail halfway to head, giving the shrimps four "tails."

2. Put shrimps in a bowl, cover with milk, and soak for 10 to 15 minutes.

3. In deep skillet or pan, heat: 1½ in. cooking oil to 350 deg.

4. Drain shrimps, dry on paper towels, and dredge in flour seasoned with salt and pepper.

5. Fry a few shrimps at a time in the hot deep fat for about two minutes or until lightly browned. Remove and drain on absorbent paper. Keep warm.

### SAUCE

1. In a 12 in. skillet or pan, put: 2 cups sweet white wine (a sauterne is good). If you wish, you may add: 1 dessertspoon chopped shallots or ¼ teaspoon minced garlic.

2. Bring to a boil and cook until wine is reduced to one cup. Add the shrimps and boil briskly for one minute.

3. Add: 4oz. softened butter and toss the butter with the wine and shrimps until the sauce is creamy and smooth. Do

**DELICIOUS DISHES**  
at right are *Crostata di Mele*, an apple tart with apricot jam topping; and *Haarlem Celebration Cake*. The recipes are in this feature.



not cook sauce after butter has melted or it will separate. Remove from heat immediately.

### PRESENTATION

Serve at once with lemon wedges and parsley.

### FRIDAY CHICKEN

(Serves 6)

bread	salt, pepper
parsley	thyme or sage
eggs	onion
capon	butter

1. Loosen the skin of: a ready-to-cook 7lb. capon by inserting the hand over the breast meat and down round the thighs, carefully tearing any connecting tissues.

2. Cut crusts from: 5 slices white bread. Sprinkle with: ½ cup water and let soak for 3 minutes. Squeeze out excess moisture and mix the bread with: ½ cup finely chopped parsley, 4 lightly beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon thyme or crumbled sage leaves, and 1 small grated onion.

3. Preheat oven to moderately hot.

4. Stuff the dressing between the skin and meat of the capon, over the breast, forcing it into the leg pockets. Place capon, breast up, on a rack in a shallow roasting-pan. Spread with: 4oz. soft butter and sprinkle with: 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Roast in the moderately hot oven for 45 minutes, basting frequently. Reduce oven temperature to moderate and cook for 1 hour longer, basting every 20 minutes. Turn capon over on its breast and cook for 15 minutes longer to brown the back. Serve hot or at room temperature.

**Note:** Where capons are unobtainable, the above stuffing may be used to fill a 3½lb. to 4lb. chicken; in this case, use only 2 eggs in the stuffing mixture in place of the four mentioned above. Allow approximately 45 minutes' cooking time at moderately hot temperature or one hour at moderate temperature.

Continued overleaf





## FAMOUS ACTOR'S COOK BOOK ... CONTINUED

**VINCENT PRICE**, American actor, is co-author of a superb new cookery book.

### OYSTER VELOUTE

(Cream of Oyster Soup: Serves 4)

oysters  
butter  
flour

cream  
tabasco

1. Open 2 dozen fresh oysters, being careful to retain all the liquor (2 cups).
2. Put oysters and liquor into a saucepan and add 1 cup water. Bring liquid to a simmer and cook until edges of oysters curl (about 1 minute).
3. In saucepan, melt 2½oz. butter. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour. Gradually stir in the hot oyster liquor and cook, stirring, until sauce is smooth and thick. Cook over very low heat for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally.
4. Heat to simmering 1 cup cream. Add the hot cream and the oysters to the sauce and season with ¼ teaspoon tabasco or to taste.

### RISI E BISI ALLA VENEZIANA

(Venetian Rice and Peas: Serves 4)

butter  
onion  
bacon  
celery  
fresh peas

cooked ham  
rice  
chicken stock  
salt, pepper  
parmesan cheese

1. In heavy kettle (saucepan) heat two ounces butter. Add one small onion, chopped, 1 slice bacon, diced, and 1 stalk celery, chopped. Saute 5 minutes or until onion is golden and bacon is cooked.
2. Add two cups fresh, shelled green peas (2lb. in pods) and ½ cup diced cooked ham. Cover and braise for about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally.
3. Add three-quarters cup rice and cook for 3 minutes, stirring to coat all the grains with the butter.

4. Add one and three-quarter cups chicken stock, 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a rapid boil, cover, turn heat low, and cook very slowly for 30 minutes, or until rice is tender and the liquid is absorbed. The rice and peas should remain fairly moist.
5. Stir in one dessertspoon grated parmesan cheese. Serve hot with additional grated parmesan.

### COUPE GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

(Ice-cream with Chocolate Sauce: Serves 4)

vanilla ice-cream  
orange  
Jamaica rum  
salt

semi-sweet chocolate  
brown sugar  
cream

#### CHOCOLATE SAUCE (Makes 1 Cup)

In a saucepan put 4oz. semi-sweet chocolate, broken into small pieces, 1 cup brown sugar, 2-3rds cup cream, and a pinch of salt. Stir over low heat until chocolate is melted and sauce thickens. (Extra sauce will keep in jar in refrigerator for several weeks.)

#### PRESENTATION

Put a scoop of vanilla ice-cream into each of 4 bowls or coupe glasses. In a chafing-dish put 1½ tablespoons grated orange rind. Stir in pan to heat, then add 2 tablespoons rum, and ignite. While flame is burning add 2 tablespoons of the chocolate sauce. Pour over ice-cream and serve.

### CROSTATA DI MELE

(Apple Tart: Serves 6)

flour  
sugar  
butter  
eggs  
salt

lemon  
apples  
apricot preserve  
confectioners' sugar  
(icing sugar)

1. Preheat oven to hot.
2. Sift on to pastry board one and a quarter cups plain flour. Make a well in centre and in the well put two tablespoons castor sugar, 4oz. butter, sliced, 2 egg-yolks, a pinch of salt, and the grated rind of 1 lemon. Work the centre ingredients to a paste, then knead in flour. Form dough into a ball, wrap in waxed paper, and refrigerate for at least 30 minutes.
3. On lightly floured board roll out 2-3rd of the pastry and transfer to an 8in. pie plate. Trim overhanging edges.

Fill about 2-3rd full with three apples, peeled, cored, and thinly sliced, spiralling the slices from centre to outer edge. Spread with twelve ounces apricot preserve.

4. Roll out remaining pastry thinly and cut into strips ½in. wide. Arrange 10 strips lattice-fashion over filling and trim overhanging edges. Place a strip all round edge of filling and flute this with the bottom layer of pastry.

5. Bake in hot oven for 15 minutes. Reduce oven temperature to moderate and bake for 30 minutes longer. Remove from oven and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar (icing sugar). Serve warm.

### HAARLEM CELEBRATION CAKE

(Serves 10 or 12)

eggs  
superfine granulated sugar  
(castor sugar)  
sweet butter (unsalted  
butter)  
lemon  
unsweetened chocolate  
vanilla extract

self-raising flour  
milk  
salt  
confectioners' sugar  
(icing sugar)  
cocoa  
cream

#### CAKE

1. Preheat oven to moderate.
2. Cream four ounces sweet butter (unsalted butter) and ½ cup superfine granulated sugar (castor sugar) until mixture is light and fluffy.
3. Beat in grated rind of 1 lemon and 2 eggs, one at a time.
4. Fold in one and a half cups sifted self-raising flour and ½ teaspoon salt alternately with ½ cup milk.
5. Stir in three ounces unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled.
6. Turn batter into a buttered 9in. sandwich tin and bake in moderate oven for 35 minutes, or until cake tests done. Turn out on cake rack to cool.

#### FILLING

Cream half cup sweet butter (unsalted butter) with ½ cup confectioners' sugar (icing sugar) and 1½ tablespoons cocoa. Stir in ½ teaspoon vanilla.

#### TOPPING

1. Whip until stiff one and a half cups cream.

Continued on page 40

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1967



# Who said women don't make good firemen?



Even if the cap doesn't fit, a mother may suddenly be forced to take on, alone, full responsibility for her family and home. It is difficult for a widow if the possibility of her having to take charge has never been considered. Maintaining a home and family can be even tougher when food bills, mort-

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a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful. All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

## FAMOUS ACTOR'S COOK BOOK . . . concluded

### DUTCH MEAT BALLS (Serves 4 to 6)

minced beef  
minced veal  
minced pork  
onion  
breadcrumbs  
egg

cooking oil  
tomato puree  
sour cream  
beef stock  
salt, pepper  
nutmeg

1. Mix together  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. finely minced beef,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. finely minced veal, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. finely minced pork with 1 large onion, chopped, and 2 tablespoons fine breadcrumbs. Add 1 beaten egg to bind mixture. Season with  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg.

2. Form into small balls and saute quickly in 1 tablespoon hot cooking oil. Do not try to saute too many at a time or they will not brown nicely.

3. When meat balls are all sauteed, put them all in skillet together and gradually add 1 tablespoon tomato puree and 1 cup beef stock.

4. Simmer for 15 minutes.

5. Let stand for several hours or refrigerate overnight.

#### PRESENTATION

Just before serving, reheat but do not boil. Add 1 cup sour cream, stirring continuously.

### SPAGHETTI ALLA BOLOGNESE (Spaghetti with Meat Sauce: Serves 4)

spaghetti  
onion  
carrot  
celery  
tomato puree  
garlic  
butter  
lemon  
bayleaf

beef  
bacon  
chicken livers  
dry white wine  
beef stock  
parmesan cheese  
salt, pepper  
olive oil  
cream

#### MEAT SAUCE

1. In a heavy skillet heat 1oz. butter and 1 tablespoon olive oil. Add 1 onion, finely chopped, and cook until soft. Add 3 rashers lean bacon, cut into small pieces, 1 carrot, chopped, and 1 stalk celery, chopped. Saute over medium heat until lightly browned.

2. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. beef, coarsely minced, and stir until meat is coated with fat. Add 2 chicken livers, minced. Stir until meat browns evenly.

3. Add 1 tablespoon tomato puree,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry white wine, 1 cup beef stock, 1 bayleaf, and 1 strip lemon peel (thin yellow skin only). Season with salt, freshly ground pepper, and 1 clove garlic, crushed.

4. Cover and simmer for 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove bayleaf and lemon peel and allow to simmer uncovered until sauce thickens slightly. Just before serving stir in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cream and reheat sauce. (Makes 1 pint.)

#### SPAGHETTI

1. In a large pot pour 5 pints water. Rub a little olive oil or butter round sides of pot above waterline. This will prevent water from boiling over when you cook the spaghetti.

2. Add 1 dessertspoon salt and bring to a rapid boil. When water has been boiling briskly, take 1lb. spaghetti and feed by handfuls into the boiling water. Dip one end of the spaghetti sticks into the water, and as they get soft let them coil into the pot. Never break them. Stir with a wooden spoon occasionally.

3. If you are using packaged spaghetti, cook for about 12 minutes, or according to directions on package. It should be soft but firm when you bite it. (The Italians call this al dente, or "to the tooth.") Home-made pasta will need less time to cook—only 5 to 7 minutes. Drain cooked spaghetti in a colander. You can keep it warm by placing colander over a pan of boiling water and covering it with a towel wrung out in warm water.

#### PRESENTATION

Place spaghetti on a warm platter and dot with 2oz. butter. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons freshly grated parmesan cheese. Serve with meat sauce on the side or in the centre of the platter with the spaghetti round it. Pass a bowl of freshly grated parmesan cheese with the platter.

### BELLE ORANGE (Serves 2)

navel oranges  
sugar  
grand marnier

cream  
vanilla  
almonds

1. In small saucepan combine 1 cup sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup

#### HAARLEM CELEBRATION CAKE . . . from page 38

2. Using a heavy knife, scrape a slab of chocolate until you have  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chocolate shavings.

#### PRESENTATION

Cut the cake into 2 layers. Spread the filling between the layers. Just before serving, whip the cream and frost top and sides of cake with big swirls of the cream. Sprinkle the shaved chocolate on top generously.

water. Bring to boil and boil rapidly for 3 minutes. Set aside to cool.

2. With vegetable peeler remove the thin orange rind from 1 orange. Peel 2 navel oranges deeply, removing all trace of the white pith. Cut through segments to core of oranges to separate meat from connecting tissue. Work over a bowl to retain the juice.

3. To the orange segments add 1 tablespoon grand marnier and 1 tablespoon of the sugar syrup. Marinate in refrigerator for 2 hours.

4. Cut the orange rind into very thin slivers about 1in. long. Add them to the remaining syrup, return to heat, and boil rapidly for 5 minutes. Remove rind with slotted spoon to drain and cool.

5. Divide orange segments into 2 champagne glasses. Divide the peel, sprinkling it on top of the oranges. Add to each serving 1 dessertspoon grand marnier. Top with whipped cream flavored with vanilla and sprinkle with blanched sliced or slivered almonds.

### POULET EN CIVET AU VIEUX BOURGOGNE (Ragout of Chicken: Serves 4)

bacon  
onion  
carrot  
chicken  
cognac  
flour  
red burgundy  
chicken stock  
salt  
peppercorns

garlic  
parsley  
thyme  
bayleaf  
butter  
small onions  
large mushrooms  
bread  
garlic butter

#### CHICKEN

1. In braising kettle (saucepan) put 3 strips bacon, diced, 1 medium onion, chopped, and 1 carrot, chopped. Cook over moderate heat until bacon is crisp and vegetables are lightly browned.

2. Add a 3lb. chicken, quartered, and cook until chicken is lightly browned on both sides.

3. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cognac and ignite. When the flame burns out, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons flour and stir until flour is well mixed with bacon drippings in pan.

4. Add 2 cups good red burgundy, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cloves garlic, minced, 6 sprigs parsley,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon thyme,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon peppercorns, and 1 small bayleaf.

5. Bring liquid to boil, cover, and simmer over low heat for 45 minutes.

#### GARNITURE

1. While the chicken is cooking, saute 4 strips bacon until crisp.

2. Boil 8 small onions, peeled, until tender.

3. Saute 4 large mushrooms in  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter until lightly browned.

4. Set aside and keep warm.

5. Toast 4 slices bread. Trim, spread with garlic butter, and cut into triangles to make garlic croutons.

#### PRESENTATION

When ready to serve, correct seasoning of the sauce with salt and pepper. Arrange chicken pieces on a warm serving platter and strain the sauce over them. Garnish the platter with the onions, bacon, mushrooms, and garlic croutons.

### GATEAU GRAND MARNIER (Orange Liqueur Cake: Serves 10)

butter  
sugar  
eggs  
grand marnier  
flour  
baking powder

bicarbonate of soda  
sour cream  
oranges  
walnuts  
slivered almonds

#### CAKE

1. Preheat oven to moderate.

2. Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter with 1 cup castor sugar until pale and fluffy.

3. Beat in 3 egg-yolks, one at a time.

4. Add 1 teaspoon grand marnier.

5. Sift together 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

6. Add dry ingredients to batter, alternating with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups sour cream, beginning and ending with dry ingredients and mixing until smooth.

7. Stir in grated rind of 1 orange and 1 cup chopped walnuts.

8. Beat until stiff 3 egg-whites and fold into batter. Pour batter into a greased 9in. tube pan (or use fluted ring mould).

9. Bake in a moderate oven for 50 to 55 minutes, or until cake tests done.

#### TOPPING

Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, and 1-3rd cup grand marnier. Pour over hot cake while it is in pan. Sprinkle with blanched slivered almonds and let cake cool before removing from pan.

("A Treasury of Great Recipes," by Mary and Vincent Price. Publishers, Ampersand Press, Inc. Sole distributors in Australia, Davis Publications Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Price \$A25.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1967



# The problems of Living happily ever after

● It's a hard realisation that marriage isn't one long, lazy honeymoon and that you must knuckle down to the plain hard work of running a household. Sydney reader MARGARET KNIGHT admits it took her several years to make the transition.

I WAS 19 when I married, and it is only now, four years, two children, and countless mistakes later, that I'm finding out what is involved.

An only child living alone with a working mother, I had a mixture of indulgence and responsibility, and considered myself, at 19, very mature, and amply equipped to decide my future.

I soon found that while maturity may be an essential ingredient for marriage, by golly it isn't the only one. The list grows longer every day.

After a super wedding and honeymoon I settled down to live happily ever after — only to find that matters were more complicated than I had anticipated.

One of the hardest realisations was that our home and meals were now my responsibility.

I had always had my chores, of course. I could boil a darned good egg, and was thrilled with the idea of entertaining.

But suddenly, if we decided to go out at a moment's notice and my dress wasn't pressed, there was no Mum to do it while I showered and made up.

If I was running late for work in the morning there was still a hungry man wanting his breakfast, and the washing-up to face when I returned home.

All the nasty, tedious jobs — keeping the rubbish tin clean, wiping up the bathroom after a messy male, sending clothes to be cleaned — didn't get done until I did them.

A dinner party for six. What could be easier, I thought? And spent the evening in the kitchen doing all the little things I thought could be left until last, while my guests drank and enjoyed themselves and filled up on nuts, in the lounge.

But the main revelation was that of living on such close terms with another person.

Being engaged had had its moments of stress, but generally speaking we were always at our best with each other. I was fresh and eager to go out, he had money to spend, and when we were tired we parted. Everything was rosy next day.

But after marriage, "going out" is very different. You both want to use the bathroom at the same time. You'd like to put a few pins in your hair, which he hates, and which you hate him seeing.

## Glamorous girlfriend

Your outfit may be last season's, and no matter how "nice" you look you just know your most glamorous single girlfriend will be there, looking superb.

Next morning he wants an early breakfast. You know you have circles under your eyes where you didn't get all the eye make-up off last night. You hard-boil his egg, and are ruffled when he remarks how fabulous that single girlfriend looked.

Your sense of humor, the thing he always says he likes best about you, vanishes. The hot words spring up, blurted out instead of bitten back, and away you go into a first-class row.

Money is another stumbling block. In a young marriage there is seldom enough to go around, and it's hard at times not to wish aloud for things you don't need, don't really want, but would just like.

To a husband trying vainly to balance a budget and save, this can be the last straw indeed.

Even when I was pregnant and left work I still found it hard to realise that while my husband might drive this machine called marriage it was up to me to keep the engine oiled.

If he felt like lying in bed in the morning I would, too, instead of taking the initiative, and then there would be a mad scramble to get him away on time.

With the arrival of our first child I HAD to get up. There was no putting off that hungry, yelling bundle.

But I still tried to keep on the old way. I was always tired, tired from rushing through jobs at the end of the day when I could have done them in the morning and been fresh in the evening.

I was always down to the last nappy because I'd forgotten to hang the clean ones out after washing them.

## Ideal life partner?

Time and again I caught myself wondering if I had really been so mature. Was this tyrannical, selfish husband, always yelling for shirts and food, my ideal life partner?

There were still plenty of good times, but the bad ones and the arguments seemed to recur, more and more. There was always tension.

Finally, I took a good, hard look at myself. If I thought he had changed since we were married, what about me?

No longer relaxed and gay, laughing, and pretty, but nervous and on the defensive against criticism of my bad manage-

ment, always snapping and rushing, I realised at last that I was trying to live the way I had as a single girl, pleasing myself, instead of living as a wife and mother responsible for her family.

I won't say the transformation took place overnight. I still occasionally find myself comparing the drudgery of housework with the fun of being a bachelor girl, forgetting I have what I really want — my husband and two beautiful babies.

It is amazing what this change in attitude has done to our marriage. We sat down and thrashed it out, and realised we were both guilty to a certain degree, although I knew I was the worse offender.

As a generation, we seem to have been more protected from hardship, yet given more freedom from discipline, than any generation before us. Money comes easily, responsibilities are few.

Then, suddenly, with marriage and children, we have more responsibilities and less money.

Life is very real and hard for a while, and this, I feel, is a reason for the high divorce rate in young marriages — the unpreparedness and selfishness of many youngsters.

They should understand that marriage involves a lot of hard work, but when both sides pull their weight, it can be more satisfying than anything I can imagine.

To live with someone with whom you can share happiness and grief, problems and triumph, whose irritations you can overlook and whose virtues are your personal pleasure, is wonderful indeed. It's not worth throwing this away without a darned good fight just because the fairy floss is wilting.

# The girl who disappeared

I WAS once here, and whenever I went out people looked admiringly in my direction. My husband, when we first met, couldn't take his eyes from me.

If I made a new dress he'd take me to his mother's to show me off.

We were gay, and laughed a lot. He would gaze at me, and often stop me in mid-sentence to tell me how much he loved me. We sang all the new songs together.

And so we married — and things began to change. He would tell me not to laugh; people were looking at me.

We once went home from a dance because some Italians there were too frank in their admiration. I had to give a new frock away because it showed off my figure.

We were very much in love, so I changed my mode of dress to suit him and put a brown rinse in my hair instead of the usual auburn one.

I became a little matronly, but he said he liked me cuddly, not to diet.

If I experimented with make-up he hated "all that muck on your face," yet he seemed to know all the slim, smart young girls when we went out.

If our daughters mentioned that some man had looked at me he'd ignore me for the evening, usual punishment when I displeased him. He usually had his nose in the paper, anyway.

Our few friends are in his age group, older than I am, and, like him, prefer to stay at home, going out very occasionally. If I have women friends in during the day, he makes some slighting remark.

So now I am not here. In my place is this strange, conversationless housewife who is amazed if someone notices her, prone to tears at a kind word.

She is not expected to have feelings or opinions. Her husband uses the same voice to her as to the dog, and the children, if they speak at all, do so with barely concealed impatience.

She laughs but rarely, and sings not at all, because if she did, someone would rush to turn on the radio.

If she complains she is told, "You're just not the same girl I married."

"BETTY SMITH," Launceston, Tas.

# Up to London to see the Queen

"UP to London to see the Queen!" This was my mother's polite way of telling us that where she had been, or was going, was none of my business.

From the age of six, I decided that one day I would go to London to see the Queen.

I have seen the Queen, but I've never been to London, and with each New Year my chances dim a little more. But the nagging ache to "go up to London to see the Queen" nags a little harder each year.

The ache rages whenever I hear well-meant advice to girls. I read it, I hear it on the radio. The refrain is always the same: "See Australia first."

Now, I'm all Australian. I was born here. I hope to die here. I also hope, in dire emergency, I'd die for Australia. But this is my story.

I left school in the midst of the terrible '30s depression, and scrambled into a safe though dull job.

I have an innate capacity for saving money. When I was 20, I showed my father the fare I had saved.

"I want to go to London to see the Queen," I told him.

● This was FIONA CLARK'S dream: to go to London. But love and marriage got in the way.

"Silly girl, see Australia first," he recommended.

I wasn't 21. My fare was frittered seeing some beautiful parts of Australia.

Then I set to work to save again. I'd be 21. This time I would go to London to see the Queen.

Oh, yes! With the terrible World War II on? Whoever went on the high seas except in a troopship?

Even wars end.

"Come to London," urged my girlfriend. I was tempted.

But there was this demobbed soldier. Thin, weary-eyed, yellow with atebirin. All the girls loved him. He said he loved me.

"Only six months," urged my girlfriend. "Marry me," urged my atebirin hero.

We honeymooned in one State. I got pregnant in five separate ones.

I saw Australia first, all right — always with the everlasting nappy bag, the folding pusher, the toddlers' reins, the removalist's van, the trans-Australia railways.

Through it all my capacity to save

money stayed with me. So did my urge to see the Queen.

Then the Queen came to Australia. Not to see me specially, but even if she didn't see me I saw her.

"Now you've seen the Queen," said my triumphant spouse, "you can settle down." Who can argue with a husband?

Some of my precious nest-egg went revisiting places we had lived in, showing the children where they were born.

Like war, childhood ends. Adolescents can be left with grandparents. Parents slip across the oceans as nonchalantly as the grandparents a generation ago slipped into the nearest town to collect the weekly groceries.

My savings were augmented by a little legacy from an aunt, a few hours' paid babysitting, a few shares sold at the right minute.

"We could have a second honeymoon," I put to my hero of the thinning hair and thickening waist.

His eyes lit up.

"I guess the old Derwent looks much the same, but we'll take a look."

Husbands!

The moonlight on the Derwent was beautiful. My thoughts were far away — in London, with the Queen.



It's almost too nice to be a deodorant—but it does so much for feminine freshness—and with the caressing fragrance of Desert Flower



Desert Flower Aerosol Deodorant, \$1.50; Stick Deodorant, \$1.50

SKIN LUXURIES BY SHULTON

## MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

# Plants for acid soil

● Some plants need an acid soil, azaleas and camellias among them, and gardeners search for acid-tolerant plants to grow with them.

By ALLAN SEALE

**M**ANY plants will succeed in either acid or slightly alkaline soils, but those that do demand an acid soil grow best in part-shade or broken sunlight, except in cool southern or mountain districts.

Thus, plants chosen to accompany them must tolerate both acidity and part-shade.

Some conifers are suitable to shaded, acid areas, particularly *Chamaecyparis lawsoniana fletcheri*, which grows to about 6ft., is conical, with soft, blue-green foliage. *C. crispus* and similar conifers will also grow, but lose their golden color and develop sparse growth if shade is heavy.

Clivias, with bright orange flowers in winter-spring, and blue or white summer-flowering *agapanthus* will flower in shade with acid soil. They keep their foliage all the year, but both have surface root growth which may prove heavy competition for such as azaleas.

Naturally acid soils occur in many of our coastal or higher rainfall areas. They can be determined by testing with special color indicators or loosely by

*Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 88*

These demand acid soil: Azaleas, evergreen and deciduous; *Andromedas*; *camellias*; *daphne*; *enkiathus*; *ericas*; the heaths; *hydrangeas* to produce blue flowers; *kalmia*, the delightful pink-flowered mountain laurel; *lomantia*, the native parsley fern; *loropetalum*, or fringe flower, with feathery creamy white flowers in spring; *pieris*, which has strings of closely threaded lily of the valley-like flowers; all types of *rhododendron*.

These can be adapted to acid soil as well as part-shade: *Abelia*, grows almost anywhere, with bronze-green foliage, small mauve bells, and cany growth which can be kept to 5ft. or 6ft.; *acer*, the maples, particularly the Japanese *A. palmatum* varieties; *ardisia*, a 2ft.-high plant with the character of a miniature tree, dark green foliage, and showers of bright red berries; *Aucuba japonica*, the gold-dust plant, with large gold-flecked foliage, about 4ft.; *bauera*, our native dog rose, with dainty flowers like tiny inverted pink saucers and growth semi-prostrate to 4ft.; *boronia* such as *B. mollis*, *B. floribunda*, and brown *B. megastigma*; *coroneaster*, particularly *C. horizontalis* and *microphylla*; native red or lime correa, or *Epacris impressa*, with pendulous bundles of rose-red tubes tipped with white; *jacobinia*, handsome foliage on 4ft. canes topped with showy heads of large rosy sylvia-like flowers in summer when little else is in bloom.

Then there's *kolkwitzia*, which resembles *abelia* but is slower in growth; *luculia*, to provide a delightful show of fragrant, waxy-pink, hydrangea-like heads in early winter (doesn't stand severe frosts); deciduous magnolias such as *stellata* and the tulip-shaped *soulangiana* types; *mahonia*, with 5ft. to 5ft. canes, holly-like foliage, and in cool climates sprays of soft blue berries; *murraya*, dense, attractive growth and strongly perfumed orange blossom-like flowers, growing to about 8ft.; *nandina*, Chinese sacred bamboo, 3ft. to 4ft.; *ochina*, which if not too shaded has buttercup-like flowers in spring, followed in summer by green, then black, berries

*Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 89*



● *Rhaphiolepis umbellata*, the Indian hawthorn, will grow in acid soil, part-shade, is spring-flowering.

such pointers as the color of *hydrangeas*, which are normally blue or purple under acid conditions and pink or red if the soil is alkaline (limy).

The rate of acidity of the soil is more technically referred to as pH. The pH is measured on a scale ranging from one (extremely acid) to 14 (very alkaline). Seven is neutral.

Few plants succeed when acidity is lower than pH 4.5 or alkalinity is higher than pH 7.5, conditions under which many chemicals essential for plant growth become insoluble and unable to be absorbed by plant roots.

So don't add acidifying agents such as sulphate of iron or sulphate of aluminium to soils already known to be acid, nor add lime to already alkaline soils.

Acid-loving plants prefer a pH between 5 and 6.

attached to large, fleshy red calyxes. These provide gay color for many weeks after the berries have fallen; *osmanthus*, with holly-like foliage and fragrant cream flowers; *persoonia*, our native geebung, with pine-like foliage and pendulous sprays of golden flowers followed by green to bronze berries; *pithecopium* — many varieties (*P. eugenoides* variegata is a popular one, with soft grey-green and cream foliage and conical growth to about 10ft.); *plectranthus* — a popular species is *P. mahoni*, which grows to about 5ft. with large sprays of tiny, violet-blue flowers; *pseudopanax*, several species, have attractive aralia-like foliage (*P. discolor* is metallic bronze-green, growing to about 6ft.); *rhaphiolepis*, Indian hawthorn, has handsome, leathery foliage and heads of white flower in spring (*R. ovata* grows slowly to about 5ft. in ten years, *R. fergusoni* is pink-flowered, 2ft. to 3ft.); *spiraea pumila* gives a softening effect, with light sprays of white flower in spring, 3ft. to 4ft.; *weigela* will flower well in partly shaded, acid soil areas.

All types of ferns will grow in these situations if moisture can be maintained. Variegated and purple flax is also satisfactory.

Add extra color during winter and spring with *cinerarias*, *primulas*, *polyanthus*, *schizanthus*. These flower well in acid soils if shade is not too dense. *Daffodils* and *scilla* (Spanish bluebells) are also suitable under these conditions.

Tulips do prefer a lined soil, but these could be grown without danger to the surrounding plants if lime is added to the soil immediately surrounding the clump of bulbs. Don't let the lime come within 12in. of the area covered by the outer foliage of azaleas or other acid-loving (or lime-hating) plants.

Follow the spring-flowering bulbs and annuals with bedding *begonias* or *impatiens*. Both provide color throughout summer. *Impatiens* needs to be checked occasionally to see that it doesn't smother low-growing plants. Its progress is rapid during warm, moist conditions.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1967



# AT HOME . . .

## with Margaret Sydney

● Sometimes I wonder whether all this education of the young is really necessary. Life in this house would be so much more peaceful if none of the children had ever been allowed to learn to read.

READERS of books can be divided into two broad classes — those who like to read several books of different sorts at the one time so that, from hour to hour, they can pick up the one that suits their needs; and those who like to start one book and, forsaking all others for the time being, immerse themselves in it until they reach the last line.

By temperament, by choice, and by habit I belong to that second class. By circumstances utterly beyond my control, I am always being forced into the first.

The children are (I hope) reasonably upright and honest individuals. So how does it happen that they have no trace of moral conscience when it comes to poaching, pinching, or purloining other people's reading matter?

The answer is easy, I'm afraid. It's an inherited weakness. Hugh is one of the world's worst transgressors in this direction. No book left open anywhere round the house is safe from him.

A closed book doesn't tempt him, because he's probably got three or four on the go already, but a book left temptingly open while you dash to answer the phone will probably have disappeared by the time you get back, unless it's a very short conversation.

If I've been reading when the time comes to start getting a meal I often take the book out to the kitchen with me in the hope (never fulfilled) that somewhere along the line I'll get another five minutes' reading time while things are happening of their own accord in various saucepans.

A little later I hear a voice behind me say, "Is this any good?" and look around to see Kay propped against a cupboard busy with the book I'm positively itching to get back to.

"No, it's astonishingly dull, leave it alone," I say.

"OK, OK," Kay says, now convinced it's the only book in the house worth reading. "I'm only having a look to see whether I want to read it later, when you've finished. Of course, if you're going out tonight . . ."

If I do happen to be going out that night, or if we have visitors, or if there's something else I simply have to do, the book becomes fair game for her, and by the time I get my hands on it again it's not my book but our book, because we're both halfway through it.

**Reading in odd stages:  
begin at page 200**

DIANA is quite as bad as Kay, but she seems to regard a book as a sort of circular thing that can be entered or left at any point with equal satisfaction.

"I never read the end of a book first," she says indignantly when anyone attacks her odd reading habits. I don't think she does — not the very last page.

But she may start at page 200 and read

to 300, decide to go back to the beginning and find out what it was all about, then lose the book to someone else in the family, forget all about it, and finish it off very happily when her eye happens to fall on it three or four months later.

Mike has not yet become a pincher of other people's half-read books, but when he does it will be impossible to get anything away from him once he's started it.

I used to despair of Mike ever reading anything except comics and improbable stories about fictional all-rounders who could knock up a couple of centuries in an afternoon and round off the performance by taking all ten of the opposition's wickets in not more than three overs.

Now that he's started browsing round the bookshelves a bit more, he's turning into what I can only describe as a dogged reader.

"How are you liking it?" someone will say, having recommended a book to him. "Not much," Mike will say, making a glum face. "It's really rather boring."

But if anyone says, "Well, why go on with it?" Mike looks at them with astonishment. "Well, I can't stop now," he says. "I'm more than halfway through!"

### Some good books about people and animals

SOME of the books I've been reading with enjoyment, in spite of the fact that my beloved family has only allowed me to read them in dribs and drabs, include "The Coat," by Hugo Charteris.

This is a wry bit of writing, beautifully done, which points up how little the young care about the material things that obsess their elders.

For those who aren't in a hurry, those who like an author who takes his time about telling a story (and obviously enjoys every moment of the writing of it), I recommend J. I. M. Stewart's "The Aylwins."

This is like a long, delicious meal compounded of the usual Stewart ingredients — wit, penetration, suspense, surprise, and donnish humor. Stewart writes detective stories under the name Michael Innes, and anyone who enjoys the Aylwins will certainly like "The Aylwins."

Jennifer Dawson's first book, "The Ha-Ha," published in paperbacks last year. I think is a bit of a find. Don't be put off by the fact that it's about a girl in hospital with schizophrenia. It's a tender, touching, and amusing book, not in the least depressing.

"Those of you who are getting tired of books about lions, tigers, or other such animals should welcome this one with open arms." I'm quoting from author Gerald Durrell's introduction to Hermann Tirlor's "A Sloth in the Family."

I can't say I'm actually itching to own a sloth after reading it (I still think, in spite of the author's claim that they're much maligned, that they'd be a bit slothful for my taste), but it's a fascinating little book, copiously illustrated by the author's fine color photographs of his sloths. They certainly are the animal kingdom's most enchanting funnyfaces.

## Is your complexion lucky?



## We'll say it is!

Some complexions were born lucky. Yours wasn't? Well now there's no need for envy. Here's the luckiest break-thru ever for radiant, close-up skin beauty. Three new Desert Flower skin luxuries. You'll feel the freshness of "Beauty Ice" as it goes to work on your trouble spots—soothing, cooling, stimulating, dissolving excess oils, cleansing and tightening enlarged pores. And it's invisible! So wear it under make-up and it heals and protects day and night. "Beauty Ice" \$1.50.

And two new wonder deep cleansers! Stale, bacteria-laden make-up can be the start of skin problems. Clean it off? No! Clean it out! These Desert Flower deep cleansers do that and more. Both stimulate and medicate and protect for clear, close-up skin beauty. Now all complexions are lucky! Desert Flower Beauty Clear \$1.50 and Desert Flower Beauty Clean (cleansing milk for drier skin) \$1.50.



SKIN LUXURIES BY SHULTON



**Bold and bright  
skimming and  
flaring the new  
fashions depend  
on twills and  
gaberdines in  
pure new wool.**



The new fashions.  
Everything depends on control, on  
colour, on texture.  
No ordinary fabric will rise to the  
demands of this new look, give  
the new flared, tailored look you  
find in the Wool Award winning  
Jonathan Crawford slack suit  
(left).

**wool in full swing**

Surface texture must be sym-  
pathetic, colours vibrant. Example:  
Trent's Wool Award winning violet  
skimmer dress on the right.  
Only pure new wool has the assu-  
rance and control that's needed,  
the soft sympathetic textures and  
vibrant colours.

Look for the International symbol  
of the world's best . . . pure new  
wool.



**PURE NEW WOOL**





**Pierre Cardin says,  
'wool is the  
heart and soul of  
beautiful clothes'.**

Pierre Cardin is a world-famous French couturier. He's leading a new fashion revolution. Each season he surprises us, enchants us. Each season most of his collection is pure new wool. Cardin knows that nothing can imitate the natural, sympathetic texture of pure new wool. Nothing else tailors so well, holds its shape so beautifully.



Above: Wool Award winning A-line skirt by Nysel in pure new wool twill. Fashion note: the pure, vibrant green, the tailored detail, and the belt with its contrasting stripes of navy and green.



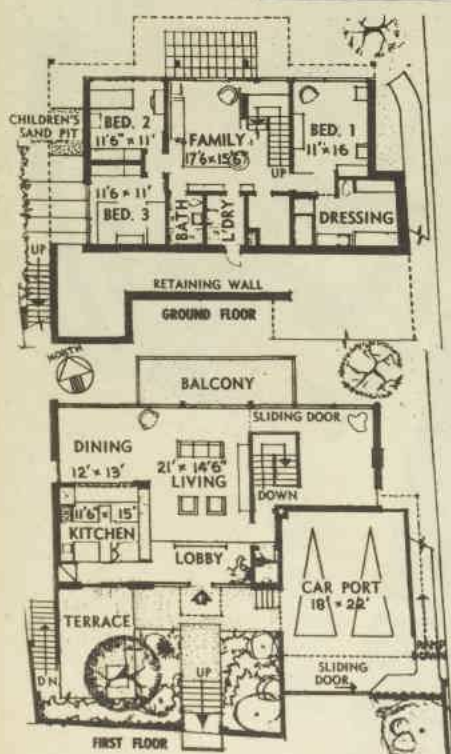
Above: Trent's Wool Award winning bias cut dress sums up a new trend: it fits closely at the top, flares from the hipline. Right: Slack suit by Merco Davron. Note the tailored jacket with its obvious seaming and slanted pocket. Only pure new wool tailors like that.



PATRICK RUSSELL



Front courtyard of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Fisher's Melbourne home features a Japanese maple which was specially chosen for its "year-round" qualities. The house has a white wall to the street for privacy.



Particularly handsome stairway has vinyl-covered, padded black banister rail and, for safety, heavy glass panels inset in black steel. Note Italian glass pendant light.



# ARCHITECT'S HOME ON RIVER BANK

**A** MELBOURNE architect and his wife, who is also his working assistant, successfully solved a difficult building problem and now find themselves neighbors of the Prime Minister and his wife. They are Mr. and Mrs. Dale Fisher, who have built themselves a handsome modern house, flat-roofed, glass-walled, and on two levels on a long riverside block near the MacRobertson Bridge over the Yarra River.

Two previous attempts had been made to build on this particular block, one about 20 years ago, when foundations were begun and excavations left, and one more recently to build a multi-storey block of flats, which did not eventuate after re-zoning of the area to limited-height buildings.

The Fishers returned from America seven years ago with a strong wish for a riverfront block in Melbourne so they could have their own boat moored ready for fishing and sightseeing trips on the Yarra. They also wanted to be close to the city.

Mrs. Fisher was thrilled to see the advertisement for "a riverside block," but friends, when they saw the site, condemned the whole notion as crazy. The block had been excavated into three shelves sloping steeply down to the river, between a big electricity pylon and the two-storey rose-pink residence of the Holts, just visible over lavish trees and shrubs.

Mr. Fisher, however, had had a good deal of experience of cliffside and hillside building in California, and he had the block filled with 2000 cubic yards of filling, which was readily available from flat-sites being cleared around Toorak.

*continued on page 48*

**HOUSE of the WEEK**

Photographs by Brian Ferguson.

Dining area has setting designed by Eero Saarinen. When sliding glass doors are closed, light from kitchen is diffused, glows topaz.

Living room: Far panel of black beam room divider is door to kitchen. Kitchen (partly visible) can be closed off from dining area (extreme right) by glass sliding doors.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1967



Page 47





Fine sweep of lawn outside the Fishers' Melbourne home leads down to the river from the terrace outside bedrooms and children's play-room. Eight-foot heavy wire fencing round the garden keeps the children safe.

Continued from page 47

AS a student, Dale Fisher won the biennial Robert Haddon Travelling Scholarship (with a design for a regional shopping centre), which took him abroad for 2½ years. His wife had gone overseas independently to work.

The Fishers, who have three small daughters, were married in England, worked six months there, went to Europe, and then worked for 2½ years in America, where Mrs. Fisher was with a food facilities consultant (on kitchen layouts). She thinks she has as well planned a kitchen as it is possible to devise, and also a handsome one, opening as it does on to courtyard decking at one end.

At the other end, topaz-colored unpolished plate-glass sliding doors (¾ in. thick instead of ½ in., which goes away with the need for door frames) close the kitchen from the dining area.

Mrs. Fisher has planned her 28-square house to make the best possible use of both winter sunlight and summer breezes. Furnishings are mainly white and near-white, with black bean natural wood joinery and occasional accents of brilliant scarlet, blue, and yellow.

Furniture in the house is by some of the best modern designers. Bar stools, two armchairs, and a rocking chair are by American wire and metal sculptor Bertoja; dining setting in fibre-glass, with a marble-topped table, is by Eero Saarinen. Black rubberised vinyl upholstered armchairs, pale grey, woollen-covered divan, and ½ in. glass-topped table have brushed-chrome framework, which gives a fine matt finish.

Instead of wallpaper on the kitchen and upstairs lavatory walls, the Fishers have used white vinyl straw-paper, which they say is virtually indestructible. It faces the kitchen snack-bar, takes the scuffing of children's toes.

The dressing-room off the main bedroom, on the lower level, has two long walls filled by wardrobes, with one end wall entirely of mirror. At the other end wall are a basin, mirror-faced copboards (with touch-latch closing), and a yellow-tiled shower recess. The ceiling is in open plastic grid-type tiling, which screens fluorescent tube lighting and a heating duct outlet.

#### Air and light

The house was ducted for air-conditioning, although as yet only heating has been installed.

Lighting in the house is highly detailed, with handsome accents to add color. Recessed downlights, set in tiny wells at intervals in the ceiling, give a restful, evenly diffused effect. Pendant lights add color and interest, being larger than usual and of Italian glass.

Particularly interesting are concealed lighting installations below cobbled slab-work in the front courtyard garden to highlight the feature tree—a Japanese maple. Other installations at the back of the house show up another tree outside the main bedroom.

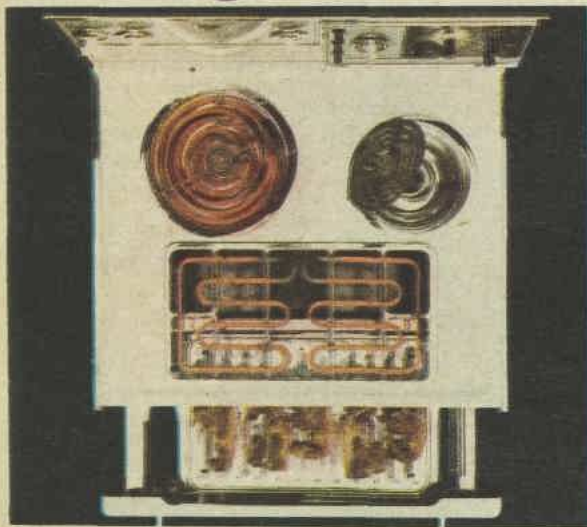
There is even a light below the jarrah decking outside the kitchen, hidden within a special well which has been cut to take the very carefully chosen Japanese maple—which is really a group of seven young maples whose trunks intertwine.

This seven-in-one tree gives summer shade, autumn color, and, being deciduous, lets light into the courtyard in winter. The Fishers found their tree after many months of searching, and it was transplanted fully grown.

Mr. Fisher said: "In the States there is no trouble in buying a fully-grown tree, about 16 feet high, and no problem in transplanting it. But here this is not the case." Originally the Fishers had hoped to find a tree which had spring blossom as well as all the other qualities they wanted, but had to abandon this idea.

— Carol Bertie

# SIMPSON ELECTRIC! ELEGANT!!



#### FAST TOP-OF-THE-RANGE COOKING!

Gleaming porcelain enamel cooking tops, recessed for simple wiping up of any boilovers. Beautiful control panels on all models. Two round hotplates, big griller-boiler hotplate, most with divided control. All hotplates with infinite heat-control switches for perfectly controlled cooking. "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have miracle non-stick griddle plates, for wipe-clean, no-fat cooking. Big, separate grill

#### MIRACLE NON-STICK GRIDDLE PLATES!

compartments, smokeless covers and infinitely variable height "grill-elevators." Ovens are all big family size, with rounded corners, integral shelf runners for easy cleaning. Big, look-in windows, full oven equipment. "Bellevue," "Belmont," "Ambassador" have rotisseries for perfect cooking of roasts and poultry. They even think for you! "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have time-of-day clocks coupled

#### Ovens THAT THINK FOR THEMSELVES!

with an oven timer—just set the dial, and Simpson switches on, cooks for the appointed time—then switches itself off! So convenient for every-day modern living. See these five exciting new Simpson Styleline Electric Ranges soon. They bring you a unique combination of features—features you need. There's a Simpson Electric Range for every kitchen plan and budget.

# NEW FOR '67!

## SIMPSON

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FAMILY  
OF HOME APPLIANCES





## CONTINENTAL RING CAKE WINS PRIZE

**A** CONTINENTAL pastry, with a rich almond filling, wins \$10 in our weekly recipe contest; delicious to serve with after-dinner coffee.

Level spoon measurements are used in the recipe.

### ALMOND RING CAKE

(Picture at right)

6oz. puff or flaky pastry  
3oz. ground almonds  
5oz. castor sugar  
1 small egg

grated rind 1 lemon  
milk for glazing  
apricot jam  
2-3 tablespoons icing sugar  
1 dessertspoon water  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
glace cherries  
toasted blanched almonds

**Filling:** Mix together ground almonds and sugar. Add beaten egg and lemon rind; knead well. Shape into roll, approximately 1in. diameter and 15in. long. Use a little sifted icing sugar on board when shaping.

Roll pastry to rectangle, 4in. x 16in.

Place almond filling on pastry.

Brush pastry edge, and roll up loosely, making sure the seam is underneath. Shape into a ring, wetting and joining edges firmly. Place on greased baking tray. Brush top with milk, prick lightly with fork. Bake in hot oven approximately 25 to 30 minutes. While still hot from oven, brush over top with warmed apricot jam.

**To Finish:** Sift icing sugar, mix with lemon juice and water to make thin icing; spread this over ring. Top with sliced glace cherries and almonds.

Prize of \$10 to Mrs. K. King, 3 Olive St., Hampton, Vic.



## Hints for the home

Useful household hints from readers win prizes of \$2 each.

**DISSOLVE** 1 dessertspoon gelatine in hot water and add to the rinsing water after washing a linen frock. It gives a crease-resistant finish. — Mrs. B. Menzel, 16 King St., Brighton, S.A.

If you haven't got a saucepan rack, use the top or bottom of an empty egg carton. Place it upside down in your cupboard, and stack the lids in the grooves — it will hold the smallest to the largest lid. — Mrs. M. Harrison, 171 Drake St., Embleton, W.A.

Fill a well-scrubbed hot-water bag with crushed ice from the refrigerator, and place it in the bottom of the picnic basket. It will keep the food cool and fresh for several hours. — Mrs. B. O'Sullivan, 5 Seaview Rd., Yeppoon, Central Coast, Qld.

If you plan to travel and sleep in your car or station wagon, make a mosquito net coverall for it and you can sleep with windows open. Cut any cotton material to the size of top of vehicle, then gather mosquito net (measured for length) round it loosely. Dyed dark green, the coverall is not conspicuous. — Mrs. P. Douglas, 37 Hayle St., Burleigh Hds., Qld.

Sew two towels together lengthwise and attach tapes to the corners. These can be fastened in position on to the bottom corners of baby's playpen. They are absorbent and can be washed easily when necessary. — Mrs. T. A. Packer, R.M.B. 234, East Kurrajong, N.S.W.

To apply liquid floor wax easily, screw a paint roller into the end of a broom handle. — Mrs. M. Burgess, 15a Park Cres., Bentleigh, Vic.

If the straps of your sling-back shoes constantly slip down, sew a piece of narrow velvet ribbon to the inside of each strap. The ribbon is not noticeable, will cling to the stockings, and prevent straps slipping. — K. Fairbrother, 56 Bannockburn Rd., Pymble, N.S.W.

Prevent children's crayons from breaking by winding sticky tape around them to an inch from the end. Unwind tape as necessary when crayon is used. — R. Lewis, 32 Donaldson St., Braddon, Canberra, A.C.T.

## a winning double to knit in Sirdar double boucle

The long lean look of this skivvy and waistcoat is pretty hard to beat. It's the marvellous look of Sirdar Double Boucle, a knubbly yarn that looks just like a textured fabric when it's knitted up. Wonderfully warm, too, because it's 95% pure new wool. Choose from 28 vibrant colours, and knit this good-looking pair for as little as \$10.26.

Instructions for knitting this twosome are in Sirdar leaflet No. 2152, price 15c at your favourite wool counter, or send 20c to Dept. A, P.O. Box 472, Goulburn, N.S.W.



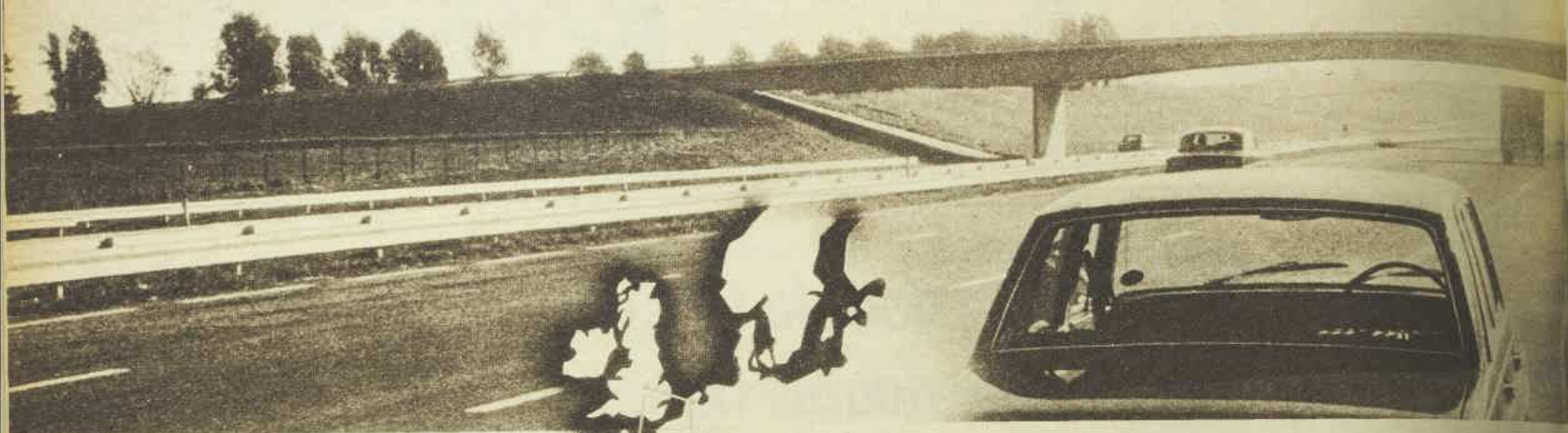
TO BE SURE, USE ONLY SIRDAR WOOLS FOR SIRDAR PATTERNS

\$80

Page 49



# THE "GRAND PRIX TOUR"



**T**HERE can be few better ways of seeing Europe, particularly by car, than following the Grand Prix motor-racing circus as a spectator.

An almost completed high-speed motorway system now links up most of Europe, allowing for quick and easy movement between the motor-racing venues, which range from Holland in the north to Italy in the south.

If you've time to spare, then the main highways and even the B-class roads can be negotiated either at a leisurely pace or quickly, as desired.

With a Grande Epreuve (that's an event counting toward the world championship of drivers and constructors) held in almost every country in Europe and a fortnightly to three-week gap between most of the major race meetings, there's time for sight-seeing and touring through some of the loveliest countryside—and you can follow the racers at the same time.

This year Australians have more than a passing interest in the world motor-racing championship. Jack Brabham is not only the reigning world driving champion but he also holds the constructors' championship—something no one has ever done before.

The question now is whether he and his Australian-built Repco-Brabham engine and his racing car can withstand the pressure of all the other mighty names of motor racing.

The season in Europe starts about the end of April with the 1000-kilometre sports-car race at Monza, in Italy, and goes on until just after the Italian Grand Prix, also held at Monza, in September.

The Grande Epreuve Formula One single-seater events traditionally start in Europe in May at picturesque Monte Carlo—the Monaco Grand Prix.

From this tiny, sunny principality, the racers go on to Zandvoort for the Dutch Grand Prix, to Spa for the Belgian Grand Prix, to Le Mans for the French Grand Prix (which is also the venue for the famous 24-hour sports-car race).

Then it's over to England and Silverstone for the British Grand Prix.

Three weeks later the circus goes back across Europe to Germany and the Eifel Mountains for the German Grand Prix. Finally, so far as Europe is concerned, there's the Italian Grand Prix on the Monza circuit, just outside Milan, in September.

But in between these Formula One races are other classics like the 1000-kilometre sports-car race at Monza and the 24-hour saloon-car race at Spa.

There are Formula Two races which are slotted to take place in between the big events and which attract the famous names like Brabham (he is also reigning Formula Two champion), Graham Hill, Jim Clark, Jackie Stewart, J. Rindt.

If you are that keen, you can attend a first-class motor race every weekend in Europe for almost five months on end. The meetings would take you to Finland in the east, to Denmark in the north, down to Corsica and Sicily in the Mediterranean.

Cost of entrance to Grand Prix races can range from about \$2 to \$12 for a combined good grandstand seat near the start and finish line (or a prominent spectacular corner) and a paddock pass to allow you to wander around the back of the pits and watch mechanics and drivers working on their cars.

The Royal Automobile Club, each year about March, publishes a small but thick guide (price A.65 cents) to the main racing events in Europe together with the organisers and their addresses.

Getting to meetings isn't so very difficult by car—but I would think only the most ardent fan could stand a full season. It has

or Spa for the Belgian Grand Prix by sea-coach for \$31.50.

You can plan your Grand Prix tour either by bringing your own car to Europe, buying a car over here to take back to Australia or sell before you leave, or hiring a car either for a long period or the odd weekend.

The other possibility is to fly direct to an international airport near the circuit where a race is taking place and hire a car from there.

Bringing your own car to Europe isn't that much of a problem. A few years ago an Australian-registered car was seldom seen on European roads. Today, even on a short tour across Europe, you see dozens—and the number is increasing.

The cost of bringing a car over by boat from Australia can range from around \$200 (sometimes less) single. You need a "green card" certificate—a sort of third-party insurance which is recognised by most European countries and which can be issued by most car-insurance companies—and an international driving licence (if you intend venturing into eastern Europe you will have to have two international permits—one with Russian translation).

These can be obtained before you leave Australia at most motoring clubs on presentation of your State driving licence.

If your car is one that is not sold in Europe (such as a Holden), it may pay to check with your local dealer to fit you up

Most Australians come direct to England, rest for a few weeks with some local sightseeing, and then head for the Continent.

If you come without a car you might buy a new one, less British purchase tax, and arrange to take it back to Australia with you. You can do this before you leave Australia and make payment there.

Or you can buy a second-hand car from reputable dealers in England, most of whom now operate schemes for buying it back at an agreed figure.

Usually this works out cheaper in the long run than hiring a car for a long period. Car hire rates vary from as low as \$22.50 a week, plus mileage (mostly around 7 cents for, say, a BMC 1100 Austin or Morris). There are some "unlimited" mileage cars available.

Assume you've got your car; you can plan on what motor races you wish to see and how they fit in with your general holiday. The season starts at Monte Carlo on May 1 this year with the Monaco Grand Prix.

Getting a car across the Channel these days presents little problem. There are more than 70 car-ferry routes to choose from, ranging from Harwich in the north (which goes to the Hook of Holland) round through Southend, Dover, Folkestone, and Southampton.

The most popular way across the Channel is by the short Dover-Calais route, which takes 90 minutes in one of the drive-on, drive-off car ferries operated by Townsends or the British and French railways.

Dover is also the terminal for the Dover-Dunkirk, Dover-Zeebrugge, and Dover-Boulogne services. This year Dover expects to handle up to 12,000 cars on peak days.

Apart from the busiest weeks, in July-August, it is now possible to arrive at Dover in your car, buy a ticket, and be on board one of the new ultra-modern and fast "free enterprise" car ferries in ten minutes, having got through Customs and Immigration.

These giant ferries, which hold up to 300 cars, have big no-duty shops where the traveller can buy everything and anything, from perfume to car coats, at very low prices. The bars stock duty-free cigarettes and liquor.

Cost of transporting a car across the Channel on most of the routes from Dover to Calais, Dunkirk, Boulogne, or Zeebrugge is as low as \$7.50 single for a Mini-Minor or \$27.50 single for cars over 15ft. 6in. in length. Fares are about \$6.20 single for each passenger.

Townsends this year will also operate four-day trips (excluding Saturday and Sunday) for four adults for \$45 return, and the car will be carried free. This can be adjusted to two adults and up to four children for the same amount.

The company operates a camping equipment hire service which includes three sizes of tents from \$1.20 to \$2.50 a day, camp beds at 12 cents a day, sleeping-bags at 22 cents a day, and roof-racks for 38 cents a day.

*Story and pictures by HAROLD DVORETSKY, of our London staff*

been known, of course, and some fans will follow the stars religiously from circuit to circuit for their "holiday," with sightseeing on the way.

If you are basing yourself in Britain and taking the occasional trip or holiday on the Continent, the Grand Prix contests are still within easy reach. It is possible to get to most venues and return to Britain over a long weekend.

To the most distant venues (and even some near the English Channel) it is possible to use Grand Prix tour charter flights. These operate from the U.K. and are made up into interesting two-day, three-day, and sometimes six-day tours.

Page Tours of Leicester—who are the main specialists for Grand Prix charters—will this year operate a six-day, five-night air-coach charter for \$52.50, a 12-day air-coach charter for \$75.60, or a six-day air-only charter for around \$100.

These tours, mostly by Britannia turbo-prop airliners, include all transport costs and accommodation (bed and breakfast).

There will be shorter tours to Holland for the Dutch Grand Prix (three-day sea-coach \$27.60), Le Mans weekend (\$27.60),

with what in Europe is called a "Continental parts kit."

This usually contains some of the basic parts to get you out of trouble—a couple of exhaust and inlet valves, a spare gasket or two. Your dealer or the motoring organisations will be able to advise you.

You will find your cruising speeds in Europe on their fine motorway system will be much higher than those you average in Australia. For this reason you should make sure your car is set for long-distance running before you leave Australia. Tyres and brakes will need to be in perfect condition and the engine should be mechanically sound.

Most cars made in Australia are also sold in Europe. Most of the well-known names like Ford, BMC, Chrysler-Rootes, and Vauxhall are well represented, and European mechanics are usually good.

You can land your car in Italy, even in Greece, and start your tour there, wending your way across Europe to England—or come direct to England and work your way back to either Greece or Italy for embarkation with your car back to Australia. The permutations are numerous—and all just as exciting.



● Moving leisurely—or quickly—round Europe from one big race to another is a magnificent way to spend a summer motoring holiday



CROWDS surge on to the road circuit at Le Mans, France, after the 24-hour Endurance race. At least half the 500,000 or so spectators stay the 24 hours, sleeping in tents or staying awake visiting sideshows.

Apart from the fast sea ferries, British United Airways operate 20-minute air-ferry freighter services on short runs across the Channel and longer flights to Belgium and Geneva.

The cost of taking a Mini across by air is about the same as the sea ferry on the shorter direct crossings, but passenger fares are higher—\$8.12 single each.

To get to Monaco by car from the French coast, either from Calais or Boulogne, the best bet is to use the route cutting out the Paris metropolitan area. (If you are planning on a two-day or three-day trip for the 900-mile journey you could stay in Paris overnight.)

One of the better routes is via St. Omer, Arras, St. Quentin, Laon, St. Dizier, and down through Chaumont and Dijon. From Dijon the best way is through Chalon, Lyons, and Grenoble, through Gap to Nice.

The Route National 7 way is perhaps a little faster and the road more flat, but R.N.7 is a French motorist's nightmare and should be avoided if possible.

No self-respecting traveller in Europe is without a Michelin Guide (they cost under \$2 in France and are available in England at \$3.12).

In France the red Michelin Guide is a virtual necessity, making life easy for the tourist in selecting hotels and eating-places and for general information. Red Michelin Guides are available for most major European countries and set a very high standard.

Michelin also do a range of maps, and these are a necessity. Their cost of between 38 and 75 cents each (together with individual Michelin Green Guides in English for historical background) is exceptional value.

Prices of hotel rooms outside the major cities are fairly constant throughout Europe. It is still possible to have a first-class room for as low as \$1.90 a night and a meal for \$2.50 to \$5 in France, and for that matter the rest of Europe.

In the bigger towns, prices are likely to be much higher, so it depends on your tastes and pocket. This is where the Red Michelin Guide can be invaluable, giving the cost of meals and rooms at every hotel it recommends.

Hotel accommodation in Monaco, unless previous bookings have been made, can be scarce—particularly around Grand Prix time. With a car, this presents little difficulty, as there are dozens of hotels and small family pensions in the towns and villages in nearby France.

Living outside the main town applies to every Grand Prix venue. With the possible exception of Monte Carlo, parking is seldom a worry around the circuit itself, so the racegoer can live at a hotel 20 or 30 miles away and get to the venue in half an hour or less on race or practice days.

To get to the Dutch Grand Prix (June 3-4) at the seaside resort of Zandvoort, the motorist can use the Zeeland Steamship Company's Harwich-Hook service, and it is then only about an hour's run to Zandvoort. Cost of the six-hour crossing is around \$15 for a Mini and for each passenger.

It is possible to take the Dover-Calais route and motor up the coast via France or Belgium (Townsend's now operate a Dover-Zeebrugge service which can cut out the drive through France).

Accommodation and tickets are available in advance from the Zandvoort National Touring Office. Hotel accommodation in Holland is inclined to be slightly dearer than France, but restaurant prices are a little cheaper.

The Belgian Grand Prix (June 18) is held just outside the delightful old town of Spa, a few miles off the E.5 Motorway at Verviers, south of Liege.

Spa can be reached by going direct to Zeebrugge by ferry, then down the motorway through Brussels and Antwerp.

After the Belgian Grand Prix, the next championship event for Formula One cars is the French Grand Prix (July 2), to be held this year for the first time at the Bugatti circuit at Le Mans. This covers part of the eight-and-a-half-mile road circuit used for the famous 24-hour classic sports-car race (June 10-11).

To Le Mans from the French coast is a good day's drive from Calais and nearby ports. Travellers can take the Southampton-Cherbourg ferries—either sea or air.

The air ferry costs from \$13.75 for a Mini to \$40 for a car over 16ft. 6in. long. Passenger fares are \$12.50 for the 35-minute crossing.

The sea crossing takes five hours. The car fare is \$11.50 and driver and passengers cost \$8.75 each. All fares are one way only.

The distance from Cherbourg to Le Mans is around 180 miles, which can be covered comfortably in under four hours.

Accommodation in Le Mans during the 24-hour race (and one assumes to a certain extent during the Grand Prix weekend) is generally scarce, despite the large number of hotels. But there are excellent (and cheap) hotels in the nearby towns of Chartres-sur-Loire, Alencon, La Fleche, and others.

The British Grand Prix (July 15) is held at Silverstone, about 70 miles from London, just off the main M.1 Motorway to the north. Accommodation is available in most nearby towns.

The German Grand Prix (August 6) will be held on the famous Nurburgring circuit in the Eifel Mountains.

To get there, use the autobahn-autoroute system down through Belgium and Germany, branching off at Koblenz. Accommodation around the circuit can be a bit of a problem, though there are some delightful—and some inexpensive—hotels nearby. Central point for the Nurburgring (not to be confused with Nurnberg) is Adenau.

The circuit at Nurburgring, like Le Mans, has ample spaces for camping.

After the German Grand Prix this year, the main circus moves to Canada for the Canadian Grand Prix on August 26, then back for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza on September 10.

Monza is just outside Milan and can be reached either across France or by using the autoroutes through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and over one of the many passes into Italy, or under the eight-mile Mt. Blanc tunnel (\$5 per car).

There is accommodation in the old leather town of Monza itself or in Milan (connected by a fast tram-train service), but there are also some pleasant—and cheap—hotels in nearby villages.



CARS board a ferry at Dover. Over 1,500,000 motorists will drive out of the United Kingdom this year.



BORDER POSTS in Europe operate fast, seldom taking more than a few seconds for passport scrutiny.



WAYSIDE pause on a "Grand Prix tour." Europe's autoroutes allow quick travel between countries. BELOW: Jack Brabham keeps Jim Clark (Scotland) at bay in the 1966 Dutch Grand Prix, which is traditionally held near the seaside town of Zandvoort.





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# SINGLE, AGE TWENTY- FIVE

**Final instalment  
of our romantic  
two-part serial**

By **LAURA Z. HOBSON**



"You're different out here," Don said as  
he looked at Julie, "but still beautiful."

IT is an exciting prospect for 25-year-old JULIA ORR when she is engaged as secretary to MRS. KAY PRYCE, promotion head of a popular newspaper called "Today," whose office is in New York. Mrs. Pryce is an elegant and highly efficient career woman—divorced for many years, and mother of two boys, DON, who is in first-year medicine, and KEN, who is still at school.

Julie that night rings her widowed father on the family ranch to tell him the exciting news, and starts work the next day. She finds the work and the people interesting. There are conferences with DAVE ARGLEY, the art director, and MR. MACLIN, president of "Today," and before long Julie is beginning to think in long-range terms about a career for herself.

There has been one thing Mrs. Pryce has insisted upon—that nothing of their personal

lives should overlap into their time in the office, but one day she discovers she has left some important papers at home, and is obliged to ask Julie to go to her home and bring the papers back.

While there Julie meets Don, who has come home unexpectedly, and is surprised to learn he is 27, even though in first-year medicine. He has been in the Army and then in advertising for some time before settling for what he really wants to do. He asks her to meet him for dinner the next night, and because she has no friends in New York she accepts the invitation, although reluctantly, as he is her boss' son.

After a few meetings they know they are in love, but Don feels he cannot ask her to marry him until he is earning, and for a while they decide to keep it a secret from Mrs. Pryce. **NOW READ ON:**

**S**ITTING in her frosted-glass enclosure, Julie heard Mrs. Pryce walk down the corridor from the reception room, and her heart hammered. Mrs. Pryce was late this morning, and the waiting had seemed insufferable.

"Good morning, Julie."

"Good morning, Mrs. Pryce."

She went into the office after her. Mrs. Pryce didn't look up; she was already going through the material she was to take up to Mr. Maclin, and making notes. "They look impressive all together, don't they, Julie?"

"They look great."

"I still think 'Yawn' is the best of the lot, don't you? Except that I'm so open to suggestion." Mrs. Pryce started yawning as she spoke, her cupped fingers shielding one side of her mouth, as in the illustration. "As if I had been awake all night," she added when she could speak again.

Julie stiffened. Had Mrs. Pryce been awake all night? Was there anything behind this innocent little remark?

"It's two minutes to ten," Julie said, and put a fingertip on the date pad at the "Maclin—10" notation.

"Glory," Mrs. Pryce exclaimed. "Wish me luck."

It's over, Julie thought as she left. The face-to-face encounter was over and she was safe. Nothing had changed in the office.

Don would be glad, too; underneath it all, didn't he have some uneasiness that this had happened with her, of all people, his mother's secretary? His mother. I'll have to think of her now as his mother, when I think of her and Don, as Mrs. Pryce when it's about the office. It's one way to separate the threads and keep them separate.

How long it was till tonight at nine. They had five nights before he had to go back to Boston. "I'll have dinner with the family," he had said when she finally raced off to work, leaving him behind in the dishevelled room, "but I'll be here by nine."

Just then a voice said, "Too bad it's not for you," and she looked up, startled. It was the smart-alecky mailboy, with Mrs. Pryce's monthly fee in an envelope marked "Personal and Confidential." Julie had been told to open it, endorse it on the typewriter, and send it off to the bank.

Julie slit open the envelope and stared. Punched in across the centre of the cheque was "The sum of two thousand dollars 00 cents."

"She gets twenty-four thousand a year," a small, astonished voice told her. Two thousand a month is twenty-four thousand a year. Just for writing those short pieces of copy?

The Circle O took in many times that, but that was gross, the overall take, out of which had to be paid all the stupendous food bills, wages for the staff, costs for repair and upkeep.

This \$24,000 a year was net. After taxes, it was just for Kay Pryce.

Julie shook her head sharply. It was vulgar to be so impressed, but impressed she was. Had a career always been easy for Kay Pryce? Or had any of her early jobs gone wrong for no reason? Had she lost job after job when she was young? And had she surmounted all the obstacles because she was born more talented than other people, or because she had resolved to surmount any obstacle there was?

A sudden wish that she had never met Don crossed Julie, but it fled before it was fully formed; it left her shaken just the same. She mailed the cheque to the bank and suddenly Mrs. Pryce was back.

"He killed 'Yawn,'" Kay Pryce blurted out. "One ad of the three that's plated and ready to go!"

"He didn't like it?" Julie sounded incredulous.

"He said it doesn't look like a man yawning to him," he said it looks like a man getting ready to shout.

"How awful!"  
To page 53  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 1, 1961



"That's a nice loyal girl, Julie, but it does happen. Now and then. If it got to be a habit, that would worry me. Now let's get organised. Are you doing anything tonight?"

A no was the only answer Mrs. Pryce expected, and Julie gave it. Dave Argley, when called a few minutes later, also said he was free.

"And Dave," Mrs. Pryce said briskly, "line up your photographer, too. I'll have a new head-line pretty soon, and he can take new pictures tonight. Overtime all around the place, of course, except for the overprivileged like you and me. Tell Whoever to kill all plates and proofs on 'Yawn,' will you? Julie will double-check the list by wire or phone, for insurance."

Julie busily took notes, but her heart clogged with the ice of resistance. Mrs. Pryce was like a bulldozer, knocking down people's plans right and left. Why couldn't she run one of the other ads instead, the ones Mr. Maclin had approved, and not wreck everything all around her?

"I'd run one of the others," Mrs. Pryce said, as if telepathy were also at her command, "but they're topical, remember? One is for Decoration Day in May, and the other for Graduation Day in June?"

Julie turned red. "I'd forgotten," she said quickly.

Oh, why did this have to happen tonight of all nights? I can't see you, she would have to tell Don, I have to work. Careers are ahead of everything, even being in love. It was sickening.

MRS. PRYCE was whirling a sheet of paper into her typewriter, and Julie went back to her own desk. I can't see you tonight—your mother won't let me. That was even more sickening.

The sound of dialling came to her, and then she heard Mrs. Pryce saying, "Greta, is Don or Kenny down yet? Well, when they do, tell them I have to work quite late tonight and won't be home. Thanks."

Again the typewriter clacked, but only for a line or two. Then Mrs. Pryce called her, and controlling every expression she went in. To her astonishment, Mrs. Pryce was relaxed and smiling.

"How do you like working here, Julie?" she asked conversationally. Caught off guard, Julie stammered. "I think it's — it's all wonderful."

"You've caught on awfully fast, I must say. How would you like a raise?"

"A raise?" "I could never see why people have to wait six months or a year to get their first encouragement — and a raise is the kind of encouragement that really counts. You've proved yourself already, and then just now — with this first night assignment —" she looked up with a huge approving smile. "I must say you behaved like a trooper, Julie, and I appreciate it. I'll ask them for a raise of ten, and we'll accept five. OK?"

"OK," Julie breathed, and flushed again as she thanked Mrs. Pryce.

"Take this supper money and knock off for a good hour. You look beat."

"I'm fine," Julie accepted the money Mrs. Pryce handed her and hurried off. Mrs. Pryce was going to take a nap on her sofa and at seven a good restaurant would send up her dinner.

Down in the lobby, Julie made straight for the glass row of phone booths, but at Greta's "hah-lo," she hung up disconsolately, as she had done at lunch hour. He did know; he must know by now. But it was terrible not to be able to tell him herself what she felt about it.

Suddenly her eyes stung. She wasn't feeling tearful; it was just

Don and what had happened last night, and then suddenly getting a raise today, suddenly knowing that she wasn't flopping again —

She felt the brilliance of the lobby and went out into the soft spring twilight.

"Hi," a voice said, "I thought you'd never get down."

"Don," she cried, wheeling toward him. He was leaning back against the gleaming white marble front of "Today's" entrance, just to the side of the revolving doors. Looking up at him, she thought him handsome, dear, not just nice-looking but marvellous. "I'm so glad."

"Anybody we know coming down?"

"No, just me," she said with a smile.

He stepped away from the marble and drew her arm through his. "Then come on, I've been waiting here since five. I have a plan."

"You know about tonight?"

He nodded. "Let's duck into some place and feed you — how does that place look?" He steered her toward a snack bar and into it.

"I can't eat."

"Soup of the day," he said. "You can eat that. Later, when you get home, I'll have some sandwiches waiting."

"You'll what?"

"Give me your key," he said, "and I'll be there in your nasty room, and if your boss keeps you slaving until 2 a.m., I'll still be

To page 54



What happened when  
the sardines  
met a Vita-Weat Crispbread?



Crunch! It's a quick snack Vita-lunch!

Peek Frean Vita-Weat... Australia's most inventive crispbread.

VW8.6

Page 53

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



there. If you'll permit it," "Oh, Don," she said, and again her eyes stung.

On the final night of Don's vacation, Julie's telephone was ringing just as he let himself in with the copy they had had made of her key.

"Secrecy makes its own habits," he had told her when she asked how many other keys he had had copied in the past. "This is new to me."

"To me, too."

"It better be."

Now he came in, swept her into his arms, swept the telephone off its cradle and handed it over without speaking. She liked the proprietary gesture.

"Hello," she told the telephone brightly. Then, "Dad? Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing. I just felt like calling you."

"But you sound a bit funny. Have you been ill or anything?"

"A stomach upset, but that was the day before yesterday, ancient history. I just felt lonesome, I guess. What's new with you?"

"I got a raise already and I've met some people, and I'm just so happy," she said. She listened to his news of Wally and the ranch but she frowned. "Dad, look," she said finally. "I'm your oldest child. Are you hiding anything?"

"Maybe I am a bit down in the mouth," he admitted in a changed voice. "Your mother used to call me a rotten patient, remember? I had a spot of ptomaine, but Dr. Crane gave me a total overhaul anyway, heart, lungs, liver, and lights. All A1, so if you don't cheer up, I'll never believe those telephone ads again about long-distance being next best thing to being right there."

This time she laughed, and hung up, relieved. But at about midnight she suddenly said, "Don, it's only ten out there, and Dad's usually in

bed at this hour, but Rick isn't. I want to ask Rick about him." A moment later the call went through. "Don't say my name out loud, Rick," she said. "It's Julie, but I don't want Dad to know I called back. Was it just ptomaine?"

"That's all. He's right again."

"Did any of the dudes get ptomaine, too?"

"Well, no, they didn't. But he's right as rain now. He called Wally out in L.A., too, and said he was going to call his far-flung kids quite a lot, since you're both stingy with letters."

"Then I'm a fool," she said. "Promise you won't tell him I called you."

Rick promised and then he, too, talked of the record-breaking season. He sounded vain about it, as if he alone had made it happen, but she forgave his vanity. To think that before she met Don she could tense up at the idea of getting Rick on the phone.

"What, darling?" Don asked as she hung up. "You have a funny look."

"Talking to Rick," she said, "was like talking to any one of the other hands. That's what knowing you has done!"

"That makes me feel pretty good," he said quietly.

After a moment her face fell and her voice was sombre. "Oh, Don, it's forever until summer."

He thought about it. "If I ever cut Saturday classes and fly down, do you suppose I'd have the willpower to get the old studying done?"

"When?"

"Maybe in a couple of weeks. And maybe some time you could fly up to Boston instead."

"Then you've been thinking about it, too."

Kay Pryce knew to the minute when she first knew. It was a long time coming. She did know soon enough

## SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

that Julie was somehow changing; she noticed it during the overtime night when Dave Argley came over to do substitute layouts for "Yawn." Julie hadn't been herself that night; she seemed keyed-up, distressed, and suddenly Kay Pryce wondered if there were something between Argley and Julie. Poor child, she thought, she simply can't fall for Argley, she simply must not. She's worth twenty of him; I must warn her.

OFTEN in the next few days she was on the brink of saying, "Julie, don't get involved with Dave Argley; he is forever having affairs with new girls," but she said nothing, hoping that Julie at least had the wit to hold it to dancing and night-clubs. The distant dreaming look that would come over Julie at times was so easy to read, though there was never a sign of late hours or fatigue, of lost sleep or diminished energy.

But that was youth; at twenty-five, miracles of endurance could be asked of a healthy young body.

Once Dave himself had the audacity to say, "You're quite a picker, Kay," and her temper had flared, but she permitted herself no rejoinder. After that she put the entire matter of Julie and Dave off limits for good. It was none of her business and saying anything was against all her own rules for an office relationship.

And then came the day of the fogged-in airport.

Spring had slipped away by then; it had been a busy time, a good time. The "Today" campaign won an award for

distinguished copy, and by now she could rely on Julie for every sort of assistance and follow-through. Julie's capacities had grown along with her devotion to the job, and at the moment she was off in Research, digging out some complex automotive data for a trade ad. Julie's extension rang, and Kay Pryce answered.

"Miss J. Orr?" a voice asked, and identified itself as calling for one of the large airlines.

"She'll be back soon. May I take a message? I'm her employer."

"Would you tell Miss Orr that all flights to Boston this evening are cancelled because of fog at Logan Airport?"

"All flights cancelled," Kay Pryce repeated.

"If she will check in the morning, we hope to resume normal service at that time," "I'll tell her."

When Julie returned from Research, Kay Pryce gave her the message. To her amazement, Julie flushed scarlet and turned quickly away.

And then Kay Pryce knew. At once, instantly, she knew. It was not Dave Argley Julie was in love with; it was Don.

So much in love that she was going up to Boston to spend the weekend with him. It was the first Friday in June, and Don would be home for the summer in less than a week, but still Julie was going up tonight. He was in the final press of exams, but he had asked her up, anyway.

I must think, she whispered inside herself, and went to one of the three great windows that gave her all of New York on a clear day. Now glinting rain slashed past the great plate-glass oblongs, and she stared out.

It doesn't have to be Don, she thought. There are millions of people up in Boston, millions.

But it is Don. It's been Don all along.

Else why that scarlet flush when I told her the flight was off? Julie's fair skin did betray her again and again, and her face and throat did go hot over the least thing. But this time was worse than ever; this time it was because the secret was out.

It's none of your business, she thought wretchedly. She could hear Julie on the extension trying other airlines. Was she still stranger enough here not to know of crack trains like the Merchants Limited every afternoon at five? Kay Pryce turned to her typewriter, but some vague compulsion kept nudging at her. As if, somehow, she was honor-bound to tell her.

"Julie?" Instantly she appeared. "Julie, I wondered if you'd like to leave early and catch one of the good trains up, instead. You know office hours aren't all that precious around here."

"Oh, Mrs. Pryce, could I?"

Only then did Kay Pryce look up; she had been addressing her typewriter. But now she raised her glance and again she was astonished. Julie's eyes were wet.

For a long time after Julie's departure for the train, Kay Pryce sat unmoving. There were clues all along, she thought; I had clues from the start, but I pushed them aside. I didn't want to see them.

So often across the years of Don's manhood she had found herself hoping for him to find the girl to give his life to at last. The time when he was twenty-two and engaged to Peggy, she had thought: Bless them, they're right for each other. But month after month they put off setting a date for their wedding, and she had

begun to know they were would.

And then two years after they broke up, she had again been happy when he brought Mary home to meet her, a sweet, shy girl who would make a sweet good wife. Perhaps it was his having to finish out his army service, but they never announced an engagement, either, and finally Don's self-analyzing letter about "being safe until thirty-five" told her they, too, had come to their ending.

But now he was in love with Julie.

Kay Pryce was shaken by conflicting emotions. Let it be real, she thought, this time let it last. And in the same wave of feeling was another: no, not Julie, not the girl I see every day.

Long ago she had discovered that the one area she never thought about was Don out with a girl. Even when he was a chummy fifteen, blushing beet-red at the most innocent question, she had known what perhaps all parents know: You could think with splendid detachment about other children and their romantic life, but not of your own. You could think comfortably about any young man kissing a girl, but not of your own young man. Not that it shocked you; you just didn't. You moved away from the picture.

But you could long for your son's joy, for his fulfillment, his delight. You could think of him and of his being in love, long for it, hope for it, take a kind of sweet strength from the knowledge that another generation was discovering the vast pathless world of happiness that love could be. Closer than that you could not go; there was some shyness, some inborn sense of delicacy, that put

To page 55

# It's a natural sensation!

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## Barossa Pearl

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willing screens up around your own beloved child.

"I can't," Kay Pryce said. "I can't face Julie every day, I'd be too self-conscious. I'll have to let her go. I simply can't see her, and know that the night before they were together."

The whole Boston area was thick with fog, and Don Pryce drove his dilapidated car slowly to South Station. He had stopped cursing at the weather two hours before, when Julie's wire came. It was easier on her when he was the one to do the travelling, but once a month was the most time he dared take.

The first time he had asked her to make the trip up, they had been apart for two whole weeks, and she had cheerfully made the best of things — even the dumpy little motel he had found. She had dubbed it "the H.B." for Half-way Bearable, and the name stuck.

After that, they spent every weekend together. Either at her place or at the H.B., she had been wonderful about "making" him have the will-power to study. Her brother Wally had opened her eyes to "the sweat courses," she said, and she knew that in medicine, as in Wally's electronics, there was no such status as someone, that you were either on top all the way or you might as well be a quick dropout.

She even seemed to enjoy those study hours in some peaceful way of her own. His armchair or table became his private study and around his books and him she erected an imaginary fence. Never once did the walk through it, by tossing a word toward him. Occasionally, he himself would violate the fence, making some excuse to have a break, not only in the studying, but in the separateness. Julie drew him as no one else.

Quit that, he thought now. No dreaming about everything else being only preparation for this. You're good and fixed for the next few years, Dr. Pryce; you fixed it yourself.

Since last September, in the nine months since he had "gone back to school," as he put it to avoid any emphasis on how important his decision was to him, he had been building a solid sureness about what he was and what he was going to be. The floundering times were far behind; at last he had begun building a block-by-block foundation for his future.

Some of the blocks were trademarked "I'll study medicine," and the other "I won't marry." They interlocked; they were interdependent. One wouldn't stand without the other.

Looking for a place to park near the railroad station, Don Pryce smiled ruefully. And now he'd met Julie. Conflict, he thought, good old conflict. I guess I'm a natural-born confidant, too. But with three hard years to go before the old M.D., and then the long pull of interning and residency...

The great clock in the station told him he was half an hour early, but he did not mind. Waiting for somebody you couldn't get out of your head was an excitement all by itself. This was the last time, anyway — next week he'd be home for the summer.

Home. Home held complications much worse than half-hour waits and the H.B. motel. In the city Julie's worries about his mother — the family, as she put it — made her tense up despite everything he said.

Once he had asked, "If the family wasn't your boss at the office, darling, would you ever worry about a guy of twenty-seven leading his own life without telling Mama?" She had laughed, but that

## SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

wasn't the end of the problem. It just wasn't so much of a problem when they were up here. He looked up at the clock once more, and suddenly he minded the waiting very much.

Several times during the evening Don asked, "Is anything bothering you?" and each time Julie avoided giving a real answer. But she was never cut out to keep secrets from anybody she loved, and at last she said slowly, "Darling, your mother knows about us."

For a moment he stared at her blankly. "I gave it away, myself," she said, and told him, step by step. "Maybe she'd have missed it when my face blazed red," she ended, "but when she was so kind about the trains to Boston and I began to cry — then I'm certain she knew for sure."

He nodded, and put a hand on her shoulder and squeezed it hard. "Well, that's it, I guess," he said at last, philosophically. "In a way it's a relief. She'll be OK. She was about me and Peggy, and then about Mary."

"But they weren't her secretary. And, anyway..." She held back from the rest of the sentence. And you were en-

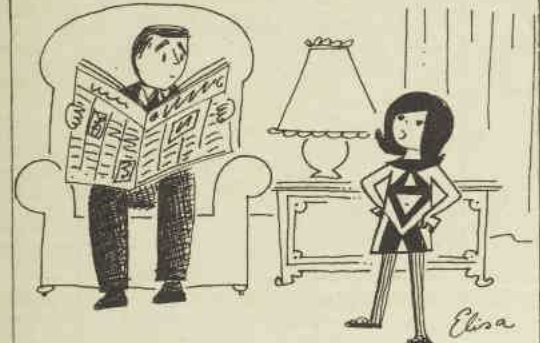
"I never said you should quit this one."

"That's what you meant. It's natural for you to hate the way it is now, with her knowing, and you do think the sure way out would be if I just got me another job, any old other job."

He stood up, and she watched him stride about the small room. They had never quarrelled before, never squared off this way. She saw his set face, the resentment in his eyes, and her heart iced over. She had come to the end with Rick March in a dull plodding kind of way; maybe because Don was full of strength and sureness, this was going to end in one terrible blowup.

She shouldn't have told him about the call from the airline, but she never could play the game the way other girls did, never put on an act about the real things she felt. And being in love, the way she loved Don, made it more impossible. Don was in love with her, too, but in a man's way, the intelligent, coolheaded way that told him he had three years before he finished at Harvard Medical and not to get seriously involved beforehand.

## LULUBELLE



"Fashion authorities agree that the 'In' Group isn't an age group... it's a state of mind."

gaged to Peggy, she had almost said, and you were nearly engaged to Mary. Now nobody's mentioning the word marriage. She moved away, but Don didn't notice.

"Mother doesn't butt in," he went on. "Though she isn't as all-fired careful as she likes to think about not butting in."

"I didn't think she'd butt in," Julie said in a tight voice.

Don suddenly looked more closely at her. "What is it, Julie?" he asked.

"It's hard to explain," she said. "I'm just miserable. Now that she knows, I think it would be only right to resign. It must put her on a spot to have me around. But I don't want to resign."

She looked at him as if begging him to forbid resigning. But he said only, "I wish you didn't feel that way about that job."

"I suppose you do," Julie said.

"If it were just an ordinary job to you."

"It isn't."

"I said, if it were, it would be a simple matter of—"

"Don't," Julie cut in, sharp for the first time. "Don't tell me it would be a simple matter to get another one. You know what it means to me to prove that I can hold down a job, the same job, for at least a whole year, twelve months, three hundred and sixty-five days. I told you all about me and jobs. I never held one thing back."

She had moments of cool intelligence, too, but that didn't keep her from wishing that just once they could talk about marriage. She knew it was silly to talk about something that was so impossible for so long, but just knowing something was silly didn't actually mean you couldn't ever mention it.

Her thoughts were coming full circle again, as they so often did, and suddenly she sobbed.

Just as suddenly Don's face changed. "Baby," he said, "I'm sorry. We're in this together. We'll work it out together."

"Oh, Don. It's so awful to quarrel and feel miles away."

"It's our problem," he said, "not just yours. We'll think very clearly and very slowly and, however it comes out, it has to be fifty-fifty, for how-ever long we're together."

"For however long," she said, and managed to make it not a question but an echo.

For the first time in her business life, Kay Pryce was truly irresolute. A dozen times over the weekend she had rehearsed what she would say to Julie on Monday, but when Julie answered her "Good morning" with her usual "Good morning, Mrs. Pryce," she thought: I'm condemning her without even a trial.

She needed time to think. She had thought all day Saturday and on Saturday night; she had thought all day Sunday and on Sunday night,

but not once had she thought that telling Julie to start looking for another job would be like condemning her without a fair trial. But what was a fair trial?

There was no Question and Answer she could put Julie through. Even if she could envisage herself as a kind of female Perry Mason, the first question would never get past her own lips.

Even unfair to Julie would be a mistake, a leaping to conclusions on some old clues and a scrap of evidence. This job meant so much to Julie; she had invested it from the start with some sort of do-or-die importance, and she had made good at it in every way. Now to deprive her of it, because she was involved with a young man who happened to be Don.

## KAY PRYCE

stood up abruptly. Again she went to her windows and looked out. The city sparkled with light; off to the north, the stretch of Central Park was green and shining and new. Summer was just beginning; in four days Don would be home, his important first year in medicine safely passed. He had done well with it; his grades all year were fine.

He's a good boy, she thought, and so is Ken. I'm lucky with them both.

Julie is good, too. The words came quickly to her mind, as if in rebuttal.

I'm so mixed up, Kay Pryce thought, I can't even think straight. Better not rush; better hold everything for four days. On Thursday, with his finals behind him, Don would be full of himself and maybe in the mood to talk.

Perhaps he and Julie had talked it all out this weekend; perhaps they understood how awkward it would be at the office now. That way, there'd be no row with Don about Julie's leaving. Rows with him were infrequent, but pretty stiff when they happened.

I'm not being a coward, she thought, but she turned back to her desk, and in her usual way called, "Julie?" In an instant, Julie was there, as always, alert, intelligent, an integral part of Kay Pryce's personal machinery as a working being. She took notes as Kay Pryce outlined a new campaign that needed some preliminary research.

When she had all her instructions, Julie said, "Yes, Mrs. Pryce," and disappeared. She sounds scared, Kay Pryce thought. And then unexpectedly, unbidden, up rose a sudden new feeling about her secretary. Poor kid, she thought, it must be murder for her, too.

Don said nothing about Julie when he came home on Thursday night. He said nothing at dinner on Friday night. He said nothing on Saturday or Sunday, and then his mother knew he had no intention of saying one word.

The Question and Answer routine sounded again in her dimmed mind, but this time it was Don she was cross-examining. "Are you interested in my secretary?" "Are you in love with Julie?" "Don't you realise the spot it puts me in at the office?"

To be irresolute, to be moody and uncertain exhausted her. Yet day after day passed, and she did nothing. Twice she was at the point of asking personnel, in confidence, to round up some people for interviews. If she took that first step, she would have no choice but to tell Julie. But she didn't take it.

She continued to worry at the problem, though, and her mind had gone back to it one day when the telephone rang. She answered, and without a greeting Roger Maclin

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Feb. 22

**ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APRIL 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

**TAURUS**  
APRIL 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 22-JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, green.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

**LEO**  
JULY 23-AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, red, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

**VIRGO**  
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, rose, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**LIBRA**  
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, red, gold.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

**SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24-NOV. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, brown, green.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23-DEC. 31  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 22-JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, black, white.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

**AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, green, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Wednesday, Mon.

**PISCES**  
FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

## Fashion FROCKS

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 60. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.





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abruptly demanded, "Have you an advance copy of the July 'Atlantic' down there?"

"What's wrong, Roger?" Before he could answer, she called, "Julie, is the new 'Atlantic' in?" At the same time she heard Julie cry out, "Oh, no!" In the next instant Julie came in and laid an open magazine on her desk. Looking up at her was "Yawn."

"Glory!" Kay Pryce said. "That ad was killed, wasn't it?" the president of "Today" asked with elaborate politeness. "No ifs, buts, or maybes?"

"It certainly was," Kay Pryce said firmly. "No ifs, buts, nothing but a mistake I made, and I couldn't be sorrier. I'll track it down to see just how I did it."

Grumbles followed from Mac-lin, and admonitions to be sure that there were no further appear-

## SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

ances of "the man shouting at somebody." When the call was completed, Kay Pryce glanced up at Julie and saw her consternation. "It's all my fault," Julie cried, stricken. "That night we did the overtime, I was all flustered. You did say to check the whole list out —"

"The agency released it, after all. It's their fault, too."

"I should have caught it. You said 'no errors' and —"

"I did," Mrs. Pryce said crisply, "but I meant no niggling little errors, no misspelled words, no messy work. This is a great big whopper, and that's not what I meant at all."

Julie stared at her. Kay Pryce thought: It's true. There's something dramatic about a great big whopper of a mistake: you can face up to it and behave yourself over it, too. She saw Julie's hands on the opened magazine; they were still clenched. Her gaze went behind them to the ad itself, and automatically she read the headline.

"Today" may make you sore, but it won't make you yawn your head off.

"If you want to know," she said suddenly, "I'm sort of glad to see it in print at least once."

"Oh, I am, too. I always thought it was wonderful."

They exchanged the faintest of smiles; there was something friendly and united.

And then Kay Pryce knew. She had lost the timing: Now she would never fire Julie.

# She's got to be sure...



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**L**ATER when Julie had told Don about the episode, she concluded, "So maybe she doesn't know about us, after all. She certainly doesn't act like the outraged employer."

Night after night, for a while, they tried to decide whether she did know or not. At home, Don said, there was no more to go on than at the office. "Kenny's a life-saver at the table, what with getting his first summer job; he talks nonstop and nobody gets in a word."

"But doesn't she think it's funny that you're out every night?"

He shook his head. "Once in a while, she'll say 'What about a movie' and then I say, 'Sorry, I have a date,' and that's it."

"Honestly, Don, I'm starting to think she hasn't the vaguest."

"So am I."

But the ring of conviction was absent from both voices.

It was a morning late in August when the emergency call came from Rick March. Julie's father was in the hospital with a heart attack; he was on the critical list. Dr. Crane thought that she should come at once.

"I'll call my travel agent," Kay Pryce said. "You rush home and pack a bag."

"I'll go straight from here. I have things out there I can wear."

"Have you money? Here, wait, I have lots." She was already dialing a number, and as she counted out four twenties she said, "Shaw's Travel Agency? This is Kay Pryce of 'Today.' What's the next nonstop jet to Denver? It's an emergency. Any airline, yes, and charge it to my account. It's for my secretary, Miss J. Orr. She'll be right there for it."

In minutes Julie was gone. Panic had paled her face and darkened her eyes; the heart attack had come at dawn without warning, except for an upset stomach just before. Her brother, Wally, was already flying home from his new job in California.

That night Kay Pryce faced Don and wondered how to tell him. All summer they had played

To page 57

## RIVETS





their game of pretence and, apart from chatterbox Kenny, they had often fallen into odd silences. But this evening Don was talking about the news and the penitentiary; soon would come the end of dinner and his mother. "So long, Mother, I'm mighty," he said. "The travel agency had called it to the plane with three minutes to spare. Kay Pryce knew there had been no time to call Don."

She waited until Kenny dashed off and then she said, "Don, at the office, Julie had had news today."

"What sort?" he said sharply.

"Her father's very ill. He had a heart attack, and she flew out the minute they called her."

Soon she heard Don come in downstairs, and she glanced at her bedside clock. It was not quite ten; he had left at about eight. He must have spent the time walking the city, calling Colorado from a pay phone. She wanted to call out to him, but years of self-training forbade it. When he came upstairs, he would see the slice of light under her door.

"Mother," he called out almost at once. "You up?"

"Of course I'm up." As her door opened she said, without further ado, "I'm worried about Julie. I called the ranch, and it doesn't sound too good." She told him everything with the exception of Sammy's indiscreet question, and ended, "If her father shouldn't pull through—"

"She'd have to stay out there, and take over, wouldn't she?"

"I suppose she would."

"For how long a time?" He sounded casual.

"I'd only be guessing."

They gazed at each other with expressionless faces, and then he said, "Well, I'm hitting the sack."

"Happy dreams." It was a habit left over from all the years when he was little, but now it almost sounded like a reproach.

While he was out, Don had not only called the Circle O but had also sent Julie a wire at the Colorado General Hospital, addressing it "Care of incoming ambulance patient Walter Orr." That should get prompt attention.

WILL AWAIT PHONE CALL YOUR PLACE DAILY SEVEN TO NINE MORNINGS AND SIX TO EIGHT EVENINGS. BOTH YOUR TIME. THINK OF Y O U CONSTANTLY. LOVE, DON.

The next morning, he unlocked her door, and settled down to wait. Without Julie, the long oblong room looked dismal. He set the percolator going and hoped she was not even awake after what must have been a terrifying night.

It had been bad enough for him. The sudden possibility of a loss of Julie for who-knew-how-long a time, had hurled a problem as hard as rock at him. At best, it would be months before her father could resume a normal life as head of the ranch; if he were permanently invalidated, or if he died—

The telephone rang and he jumped. "Darling," he said, as he heard Julie's voice.

"Oh, Don, he's gone."

"When? My poor darling—"

"After midnight. I was with him."

Her voice broke and he heard her crying.

"Darling," he repeated, and knew she was hearing him. "Wally was, too," she said in a rush. "With Daddy, I mean. They thought he was going to make it; he stood the ambulance trip well, and they let us see him. We didn't even stay there in the hospital. We all went to a motel, except for Dr. Crane. And then they called us, about eleven, and an hour later he died."

Again she wept, and when she could she told Don about the few plans that had been made. They would take her father home for the funeral; he was to be buried next to her mother in the small cemetery in Corby, near the ranch where they had gone as bride and groom thirty years before. The funeral was to be the day after tomorrow.

"I'll be there before then," Don said.

"You what?"

"I'll get there tonight or tomorrow, darling. You're my girl and this is no time for you to be alone."

"Why, thanks. Who is this, Sammy? I've worked here for twenty years, so it's like I'm one of the family."

"Would you do me a favor, Sammy? I'm Miss Orr's employer, and it might upset her if you said you told me of the other call from my family, so keep it dark, would you?"

"My big mouth," he grumbled and promised.

Kay Pryce looked up from her desk in surprise. It was the first time Don had ever come to her new office at "Today."

"Can we have a minute, Mother?"

"Of course." She shut the office door behind him, and said, "Nobody will interrupt us."

"It's about Julie."

She nodded, as if in recognition.

"About Julie and me. Have you called the ranch again?"

"I thought I'd wait till noon, our time, nine out there."

"I just talked to her. Her father died last night, and she's pretty broken up, and I'm going out, to be with her." Rapidly he related everything Julie had told him, and then, looking directly at his mother, he said, "We've been in love since spring, and this isn't any time for her to take it all alone."

"No, it isn't."

"I can't talk about it right now," he said. "I've got to pack some clothes and cash a cheque and then get to the airport, but when I get back, we'll talk."

"Give Julie my love," she said, "and tell her not to worry about the office."

He turned back at the door to thank her. Her eyes were sombre, but there was some strange pervasive look of peace in them.

In the almost frosty early air, the car slowed down, at the entrance to the ranch and Julie ran out to the hitching posts in front of the main lodge. Beyond the mountains was the sun, but it would be an hour before its light and warmth surmounted their crests.

It was half-past six, and the duds were still asleep, but she had been awake at dawn, despite the sedation Dr. Crane had insisted on the night before. She had gone to sleep knowing that Don was already in Denver; he had called the night before from the airport, and planned to rent a car and start out then and there on the seventy miles to the ranch.

Julie had persuaded him not to. "They just made me take a sleeping pill," she said. "But it's good just to know you're here." She gave him road directions for the morning, and ended, "Oh, darling, nothing you've ever done before was anything like this."

Julie's voice began to sound a bit blurry, and he told her to get right to bed; it was like an order, with herself a docile child. In his nearness there was such comfort that it helped a little with the shock that was still beyond bearing.

Yesterday, during the awful hours of waiting around in Denver until they could start back with the closed coffin, she had told Wally about Don and herself and that he was coming out; Wally was the only family she had now, except for some distant relatives she hardly knew. As for Rick or anybody else, they could make what they wanted of Don's arrival.

Now the car stopped and Don had her in his arms. At the burst of feeling within her she was half ashamed, as at a treachery to the dead. "It's so early," she said inconsequently.

"I got rolling at five." He stepped away then to look at her. "You're different," he said. "And you're beautiful."

She wasn't the Julie of New York, but she was a Westerner in her own world. Her faded Levis, tucked into her cowboy boots, were tight, and

To page 60



Unaware that he was being watched, the man crouched behind the hedge.

## ONE AWAY!

AT the upstairs window the woman stopped to stare. She knew them by sight now, the little band of men in their ill-fitting prison grey. Twice weekly they emerged from their fortress, sluggish and myopic like night animals exposed to the light of day, to tend the prison sports ground. She knew, too, and sneered faintly at the incongruity, that they were called the "garden party." She was not interested in them, nor in what went on behind those forbidding walls.

Trapped in the little terrace of dreary houses, overshadowed at the front by the great prison wall, showered at the back with soot from passing trains, her life, like her surroundings, seemed to drift by in a grey sameness of days. She flicked her duster spasmodically at the layer of smuts on the sill.

She watched the prisoners with the same lethargic distaste she applied to her cleaning. She had no sympathy to spare for others. She felt too much a prisoner herself.

The four men shambled along the road, two by two, the second pair pushing a barrow loaded with gardening tools. Their pallid faces and air of dejection made the warden walking abreast of them seem particularly brisk and confident. Her gaze wandered beyond them and the prison, to the farthest distance, to where grey-green hills undulated against a blue sky.

She longed to know what lay beyond them. Once she had asked Lennie, but he had only laughed and said, "Just another dump." She wished Lennie weren't a salesman and could be home with her more.

Now the men had halted at the open gate. A drive fringed with poplars led up to a sports pavilion. On its left stood a shed where the big roller was kept. She saw the young warden send three men to collect it. The young fellow was left to bring the barrow. He shaded his eyes with one hand and stared at the horizon. Maybe he'd been over the hills, and was remembering.

The infant stirred fretfully. She moved absently to the cot, mechanically soothing while she straightened the blankets. When the child was quiet again she made the big double bed, permanent reminder of her disillusion. The loneliness she had married to escape now seemed about to

engulf her in this gloomy box of a house. Roused by the smell of food burning, she grumbled her way downstairs. She heard the prison mower spurt into life. When she had put the burned saucepan to soak she went into the small square yard where a paving-stone had been removed to make a minuscule flowerbed. With plant food she watered its only occupants, a grimy rose bush and a clump of daffodils.

Going back upstairs she heard voices raised outside. Crossing to the window she saw the warden cup his hands round his mouth: "Don't be a damn fool, lad. Come back here 'fore I blow the whistle."

The young prisoner was out of the warden's sight and made no reply. But the woman could see him crouching motionless behind the privet hedge. Then the warden blew long, hard blasts on his whistle while the other men huddled together whispering like old gossips.

As two officers came running from the direction of the prison, the warden turned toward them to shout, "One away! That young Jones!"

Seizing his opportunity, the escapee wriggled swiftly along the adjoining field and out of the woman's line of vision. She went through to the back bedroom in time to see him slip into her yard, grab Lennie's trousers and pullover from the hoist, and disappear into the garden shed. A few seconds later he emerged wearing the clothes and pushing Lennie's bike. In his haste he had trodden on the flowerbed, where the daffodils lay pulped and scattered by his prison boot.

The search party was concentrating on the railway line, for she could see men in uniform silhouetted on the embankment, shouting to and fro as they peered into stationary coal trucks and goods wagons.

The child stirred again, this time crying itself into wakefulness. She hurried into the other bedroom, lowering her pregnant bulk to lift the child from the cot.

As she straightened up, the telephone on the bedside table caught her eye. She looked at it thoughtfully. Then she thought of the man's almost jaunty air as he cycled away in the old green pullover. And as she turned back to the child, for the first time, she smiled.

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By STEPHANIE SCOTT



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**For just 1¢ an hour, it does the job of a stove (and saucepans too!)**



...versatile!



...that's the *Sunbeam* Deep Fry Cooker



# SQUEAKY THE SMART RED SQUIRREL



● "It's beautiful, but I can't eat it," is Squeaky's reaction to a tulip. She has become quite an actress.

● Balancing act (right). Squeaky is as popular as any TV star with American children who have seen her.

● Squeaky, shown peeping out of a man's coat pocket (above), is a red squirrel whose home is the Buffalo Museum, run by the Society of Natural Sciences in New York. She goes out on many special assignments, including lecture tours and TV shows.



● Meal-time. Squeaky's size can be judged from the man's hand on which she balances to drink.

● Squirrel on the keys (below). Squeaky loves to perform to audiences of any age on her tours.



## SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

the narrow span of her body was totally appealing. Her checked wool shirt was faded, too, a Western shirt, with long sleeves and cuffs tight to her wrists. The lack of make-up, the swollen ridges high on her cheekbones, the glint of fresh tears all touched Don—and his heart went out to her as never before.

She took him to the empty dining-room for breakfast. At first she could talk of nothing except her father; he understood her need, and asked questions whose answers she had already given him on the telephone. Then he told her how his mother had broken the news and of his visit to her office the next morning. "She sent you her love," he ended, "and said that you shouldn't give the job a thought."

"But she thinks I'll be coming back after the funeral," Julie said slowly, "and I don't see how I can."

"She can't think that; she knows you'll need time." "That means a couple of weeks," she said, not looking at him. "But that's not what it looks like at all."

"What does it look like?" "Oh, Don, I don't see how I can ever go back, the way things are."

He set his coffee cup down hard. "But you never were happy here for long," he said. "You told me you always felt the way your mother did about it."

"I know it. But one of the ranch's owners has to stay, and Wally can't. He's got his whole life to make in electronics, his whole career."

"What about your career and your life?" She didn't answer, and he stared at her. He had faced the future in terms of a month, but no more. He had seen that the rest of August would be gone and most of September before she could leave again, but into time beyond that he had not thought about. He would be back in Boston by then, starting his second year, but somehow things would work out. Julie never would spend her life running "a country club with horses."

Don't crowd her, he cautioned himself now. When the shock wears off, she'll see this more realistically, and she'll change.

Around them the dining-room was beginning to lose its splendid emptiness as the first of the too-well-dressed dudes drifted in. Then Wally joined Don and Julie and, a few minutes later, Rick March came in. Don heard Julie say, "This is Rick," and he knew a momentary flash

of jealousy. Then it vanished. Rick was long ago; Rick was the past.

Julie rose from the table. "I'll have to see people now," she said. "The whole place is upset—all the help, and even some of the dudes."

For the rest of the day, he hardly saw her alone. That evening he managed to take her off with him for half an hour, walking beyond the corral, half lost in the quick-falling evening, but always a part of the surroundings.

By the next evening he couldn't help feeling relieved that the funeral was over. She was weary with strain. The relatives had numbered nearly twenty, there were a great many people from Denver and other parts of the State, too.

## SENATOR

PERKINS had come, though he was no longer the family attorney, and when Julie introduced Don to him, Don had the distinct impression that the senator gave him long and rather special attention, like a surrogate father to Julie, interested in any young man who flew west at such a time.

"I hear you're at Harvard," the senator said. "My eldest boy is starting there in a couple of weeks; perhaps you'll run into him."

"Perhaps, sir." "I'll fly up from Washington once in a while; perhaps you'll even run into me."

"I hope so, sir." He liked the senator, but, now that everything was over, he wished he could have Julie to himself at last.

"I think you'd better turn in, Julie," the senator said to her. "You look done in."

"Oh, I am," she said, and with a wan smile at him and then at Don she went off alone. A nameless anxiety flowed through Don's veins. It can't be too long, he thought, before she sees that she doesn't have to stay out here for good. But he saw Senator Perkins nod to himself, as if in acceptance of something immutable, and he wondered how long was too long.

Kay Pryce had had no word from Colorado since the funeral a week ago; Don had called her that night to say he was staying on for a few days, that after the relatives departed and the legal and business sessions were done with, Julie would be able to think again and make some decisions and plans.

"Don't let her rush," Kay Pryce said. "I'll go on with

the temporary I have for a while—you tell her that." "I will. We've hardly had a chance to talk."

By now, Kay Pryce thought, they must have talked, and what had it led to? If she stays there and if Don transfers from Harvard Medical to whatever's in Colorado, just in order to be near her—

Her door opened and the mailboy came in. The red-and-blue-striped edge of an envelope caught at her, and she opened it first.

"Dear Mrs. Pryce, It's just awful for me not to be able to go on as your secretary, but now I know I can't."

It was the happiest job I ever had in my whole life, and I hoped it would last. Now here I am, out of it in less than five months.

I wish I could at least get back long enough to break in a new girl for you, but you will understand why I can't leave at all right now. I'm sending for my things.

The day you interviewed me, you said interviews were a two-way street, so maybe references ought to be, also. Anyway, I'm obeying this impulse to say right out that you're the most wonderful boss any secretary could ever have.

Julie P.S. I'm enclosing my cheque for the plane tickets and the money you lent me. Thanks again, for everything. J."

The sweet child, Kay Pryce thought. She has a great capacity for warmth and affection, and for letting the other person feel both. She turned toward her typewriter, but then paused, and called Personnel instead, and gave them the news. She would answer Julie tomorrow. She was tired now. And feeling rather low.

It was more than a week later that Don came home. The moment she saw his face, Kay Pryce knew something had gone badly wrong. He had stayed out West for fifteen days and, except for his one call, all had been silence. Now he held himself to a strict recital of facts: The Circle O had been left equally to Julie and her brother, with fifteen percent of the ownership set aside for Rick, ten years after Mr. Orr's death, provided that he had stayed on continuously as active manager at least that long.

"I should think," she commented, "that Julie would have felt she was free, in that case."

"I thought so, too," he said.

To page 62

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 538. — FROCK

This smart-design frock is available cut out to make in pink/black, turquoise/black, and brown/black spotted cotton; all on white ground. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, \$4.25; 36 and 38 in. bust, \$4.45. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

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Attractive supper cloth is available cut out to embroider on white, cream, blue, pink, and green Irish linen. Price is \$2.35 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

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Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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538



540



# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques — from a wine cup and jug to a Victorian teaset.



● Bronze wine jug.

COULD you give me some information about a teaset which is in my possession? There are a teapot and milk jug (pictured below), 10 cups and saucers, a large basin, and two large square plates. The china appears to be of good quality, but it has no identification marks on the reverse side. I have been told the pattern, in fine greyish lines, is an original willow pattern (not the better-known one often seen), but I do not know if this is correct. The heavier lines are in gold. All I know of the origin of the set is that it was brought to Australia from England by my great-grandparents in 1851. — Miss D. Hudson, West Wyalong, N.S.W.

Your early-Victorian teaset, which is Staffordshire porcelain, was probably made at the Davenport potteries of Longport about 1840 to 1850. Produced in the "Rockingham" manner, the shape was much employed by other potters of the day, such as the Coalport and Copeland potteries.



● Victorian teaset.

I ENCLOSE a photo of a "bust" I bought as an old piece. (Picture not published.) It is 20½ inches high and has a hard, highly glazed surface. The markings include "Made in Germany"; two fish within an oval, and the number "1-1777" and a gold "2." — Mrs. R. Ikin, Traralgon, Vic.

This model of a bust is a German example of fayence ware (tin-glazed pottery). It is about 60 to 70 years old. It was made at the Neuhaldensleben pottery. The factory mark which appears on your example, depicted by two fish in an oval escutcheon, is sometimes encountered on wares together with the potter's name of H. Lonitz.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries now must be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.

I WOULD be interested to know the origin and dynasty of these wine cups. — Mrs. R. Brown, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Wine pots similar to the one illustrated (right) made their appearance during the Han dynasty — 206 BC to AD 220. Yours is a 19th-century copy.

The barrel-handled and swan-neck spout wine jug (left) is based on a 15th-century wine pot. However, this, too, is a 19th-century copy.

A FRIEND gave me this Chinese jewel box (picture not published) and said it was

old and valuable. I was wondering if you could tell me something about it? — E. M. Luke, Brighton, Vic.

This Cantonese porcelain box and cover, decorated in rich enamel colors, is a 19th-century example, probably made during the latter half of the century.



● Ancient design in jug.



## We love Sandwiches!

Mum gives us different sandwiches every day - and they're easy to make!

Mothers! Save time and solve your school lunch problems by using Cheesy Butter Spread. Creamy, butter and protein-rich Australian Cheddar cheese are ideal partners. In one speedy action apply both filling and spread. Add variety and colour by adding other ingredients of your choice. Here are a few suggestions—use your ingenuity to make up delicious sandwiches to appeal to all the family.

### Mothers who plan ahead —

make basic mixture for four days by combining:

8 oz. softened butter,	12 oz. grated Australian Cheddar cheese,	1 carrot (grated)
a little mayonnaise to give spreading consistency.		1 stick celery (chopped)
Store Cheesy Butter Spread in covered container in the refrigerator. Each day use 1 of the mixture and add one of the following combinations of ingredients:		1 dessertspoon
1 oz. chopped raisins	1 oz. diced cooked ham	"chopped green pepper"
1 oz. sultanas	1 tomato (chopped)	(or 1 tablespoon
1 oz. chopped walnuts	1 spring onion (chopped)	chopped cherrin).

Cheesy Butter Spread provides 16 hearty sandwich fillings.



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Australian Taffel has a firm, rather resilient texture, and a delicate flavour. Excellent in sandwiches, and widely enjoyed in salads, with crisp crackers, or as a dessert with fresh fruit.



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Natural Cheddar is a firm, smooth cheese with a variety of flavours from mild to sharp. Extremely versatile, it is much enjoyed in appetisers, dips, sandwiches, sauces and in many cooked recipes.



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## Mrs. H. WIFE



"Doctor? ... about those vitamin pills ..."

## Dorothy Gray's 3-step formula for beauty

### STEP 1

#### Cleanse:

Soap and water is not enough ... it tightens and dries the skin, and doesn't do a deep down cleansing job. For a really efficient general cleanser, choose Dorothy Gray's Salon Cold Cream — the lightest, fluffiest, most thorough cleanser ever.



### STEP 2

#### Tone:

Toning is often overlooked but is absolutely essential. It prevents open pores, stimulates circulation and removes all traces of cleansing cream. Dry, sensitive skins need Orange Flower Freshener, a gentle citrus based softener. Oilier skins do better with cool, vitalising Texture Lotion.



### STEP 3

#### Nourish:

Skin needs food if it is to retain its youthful bloom. Yet not all skins are alike in the type of nourishment they need. That's why D.G. blend their nourishing creams into three special mixtures, one just right for you. Your fully trained Dorothy Gray consultant will help you select the right preparations for your particular skin type. She really understands skin beauty.



Every woman should follow these golden rules. It's never too early (and fortunately, never too late), to start taking care of your skin.

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## SINGLE, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

shortly. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not go into it just now. Maybe later. I'm hushed from the trip."

But he didn't go into it later; nor did he remember his promise to have a real talk on his return. Even Ken's questions about the ranch, the horses, the hands got short answers; the only thing Don did do to please anybody was to ask her and Ken almost nightly, "Want to go to a movie?" though she usually said, "Run along, you two," and let them go together.

And then the new semester began for each of them, and, for her again, there was the solid anchor of work. In due time, she hired an experienced secretary, Madge Clinton, who had worked on both magazines and newspapers and who took hold with aplomb.

And every once in a while, for no good reason, Kay Pryce found herself remembering Julie and thinking: Why, I really miss her.

**T**HE second-year curriculum of Harvard Medical School was not designed for dawdlers, and Don refused to think of anything but work.

He didn't like to remember the quarrel he had had with Julie, the quarrels, rather, because in the last days they inevitably came back to the subject that got them both so angry.

"I can't run off and let Rick run it alone," she had said over and over. "He's not the family. My father meant it to stay family."

"Your father meant to give you freedom of choice," he had always answered. "That's just why he set up this ten-year deal for Rick."

"I'd never walk out flat on a place that meant so much to Dad."

"I didn't say, 'walk out flat.'"

"You mean it. I can see it in your eyes. It's like—an ultimatum. Either come back East—or else."

The only thing still ahead was his three years to the old MD. He had written to her once, to say he hadn't meant anything as an ultimatum.

October was gone before she replied; it was a short letter. She hadn't meant "ultimatum," either. She asked how he was, and how Ken was. "And do remember me to your mother, Don, and tell her I think of her a lot."

He read the letter twice, and then tossed it at the basket in resentment. He had never known her father; it would be hypocrisy to say he grieved for him. He did grieve for what had been with Julie, and what life had taken away. Life was what he resented, and the patterns of life, that could set up barriers, force detours, cause delay and postponement, and, finally, loss itself.

And then he took her letter out of the basket. "Do remember me to your mother, Don, and tell her I think of her a lot."

Only of her? Exclusively of her?

I'm a great little snarler. He suddenly heard himself saying the words at Gino's, their first night together. He had implied that that was all in the past. He had thought it was. But now he felt as tangled and knotted up as ever he had with Peggy or with Mary.

That's the way it is, he thought grimly. Get it out of your mind. You can't help it—Julie can't help it. Skip it.

But it wouldn't stay skipped. He grew edgy and slept badly. The four-day Thanksgiving holiday was just ahead, but he had no

eagerness for the trip home.

The night before he was due to leave, his phone rang. It took him a second to realise that the man who introduced himself as Willis Perkins was Julie's Senator Perkins. The senator explained he was in Cambridge to spend Thanksgiving with his son, and when he invited Don to join them for a drink it was all Don could do to sound properly cordial but nothing more.

When they met a half hour later, Don let the senator take the talk around to politics and back to Colorado before he asked about the ranch and Julie.

"She's fine again," the senator said. "And, of course, the Circle O flourishes no matter what happens elsewhere in the world."

"It's quite a spread," Don agreed. "Isn't that your way of putting it?"

"More or less."

There was something too casual in his tone, and Don thought: I've got to talk to him alone. Later, as they dropped the senator's son at the freshman dormitory, Don said, "If you're not too tired, Senator—"

And Perkins promptly answered, "Not a bit. I was

## FROM THE BIBLE

● We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. — II Corinthians, 4; 18.

going to suggest a coffee night-cap myself."

For a few minutes, in the all-night diner they went to, they again talked in generalities. Then, without his usual tone of self-confidence, Don said, "I wish you could tell me more about the Circle O and Julie, Senator."

"I'm not sure it's any of my business," Perkins said, but there was a tentative inflection to it.

There was a pause and then Don said, "I was so positive she'd get over her first idea in time, that she had to sacrifice herself on behalf of the ranch."

"You would expect that," Perkins agreed. "Once the first shock of mourning was over."

"But it didn't work out that way."

"Oh, I don't know."

Don looked astonished. "But she's staying right there."

"Perhaps there are other considerations by now. You see, Don," the senator said slowly at last, "I know Julie Orr and I've known her over a long time. She's like her mother, and I used to admire her mother a great deal. Her mother could never pretend, never put on an act. What she felt was never any secret, not about anything or anybody. That's what she bequeathed to Julie. Julie can't put on an act, either."

"About what?" Don asked.

"About anything, about anybody. Julie used to say she was fire-prone in jobs, and I told her she wasn't, not when the job was a real challenge. Now she says she's duty-bound to replace her father at the Circle O, but just the other day when I was out there and told her she wasn't duty-bound to live there if she found it phony, she said, 'Of course I'm not, but it's less phony than a lot of other things.'"

"What other things?" Don asked quickly.

"I asked that, too. She wouldn't answer. She did mutter something about 'these happy little career girls running around for years' and then she changed the subject."

The two men looked at each other and fell silent once more, and this time it lasted until the senator looked at his watch and said he had to be off. Don dropped him at his hotel, and then drove around in his old car, unable to call a halt to the evening.

During the next day's classes, during the flight to New York, during Thanksgiving dinner itself, half of his being seemed preoccupied with its new burden, its new insight into truths he had been willing to bypass for too long a time.

You want Julie, he thought at last, but you don't want marriage. You wish she did want a career more than anything, so she would be only too glad to put off marriage, the way so many other girls do. But she doesn't really want to be a career girl, or she'd have been a career girl from the start.

With her brains? With the way she was in that "Today" job? She did want to prove finally that she could hold a job if she felt like it, but then you fell in love with her. She still would have stuck out the job for that minimum of a year, but she was yanked loose by the funeral and now she can't put on an act as a happy little secretary with a steady guy to see at weekends. Not Julie.

It was midnight, Colorado time, when he called her. Sammy, at the bar, said, "She's turned in, but I can wake her."

A moment later a sleepy voice said, "Hello?"

"Darling, it's me."

"Oh, Don," she said, "I can't believe it."

"I've been a damn fool, darling, but I can't make it without you anymore. If we got married, could you put up with all the studying for three years?"

"Married?"

"Either I'll transfer from Harvard Medical—"

"Oh, no, you mustn't."

"—or else you could spend a week out at the Circle O each month, being boss, and both of us could be there the next three summers. But you'd be my wife right here in Boston the rest of the time—there are millions of married couples in the graduate schools—and millions of nonstop jets to Denver. I'm taking one in the morning."

"Oh, darling," she said, "it's been so awful without you."

Two nights later, Don and Julie walked into the apartment on Fifth Avenue, and Kay Pryce went toward them with her arms outstretched.

She kissed them both, and then they had to talk out everything, not only the plans for the small wedding as soon as Wally could get there but practical things like Julie's arrangements at the ranch, and then finally what kind of job she could get in Boston that would give her the time off she'd need.

"I have a friend who's a tax lawyer there," Kay Pryce said. "It's the kind of work that can be scheduled in advance—no last-minute rush deals. Of course, you might not want to work for a woman ..."

Julie and Don began to laugh then, and it brought Kay Pryce up short. She started to smile, then it was her turn to flush as they both grinned at her. "Well," she said, "there are disadvantages ..."

And then she stopped. Don and Julie weren't really listening anymore, and, looking at them, Kay Pryce knew a quiet joy and was content.

THE END

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1967

## Cry-baby yesterday ...



## Bathing beauty today ...

2-year-old Susan models her new swim-suit. "But yesterday", says Susan's mother, "she was grizzly and grumpy. Wouldn't go down for her afternoon nap. I'm glad I remembered Laxettes. Today she's right as rain and bright as a button." Mother Nature should keep every child regular, but when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the chocolate laxative. Laxettes restore your child's regularity overnight, so gently, so surely. Get Laxettes tonight, tomorrow they're right. Only 35 cents (3/6)

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34in. bust, \$10.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$10.99. Postage 60c extra.

## HOW TO ORDER

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**What's so different about the one up front?**

**Only Harpic is specially formulated for toilets  
So it does everything—  
Kills germs, odours, stains  
and all deposits  
(it takes a special formula to do all that).**

♦ Safe for septic tanks. Harpic can be safely used in the bowl of a toilet connected to a septic tank.

♦ Harpic is specially made to kill germs—penetrates ALL 3 danger zones (the bowl, the water level and the hidden S-bend).

♦ Harpic smells cleaner — it

deodorizes, leaving a pleasant fragrance, cleans and disinfects in one application.

♦ Harpic now comes in an unbreakable plastic pack with a bright new design.

♦ Available in 2 sizes—the 1 lb. pack, and now in a large, economy size Harpic (1½ lbs.).



At last—  
something to soothe  
away the pain

Backache	✓
Rheumatism	✓
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Many sufferers rely on Doan's to ease all these rheumatic troubles. Doan's contains a urinary anti-septic that soothes bladders and kidneys, to bring you speedy relief. Enjoy living without aches and pains, able to bend, stoop, work or relax easily and freely. Get Doan's today.

**Doan's  
Pills**



to soothe away pain

An effective answer to your

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SKIN REPAIR is rich with emollients specially blended to soften and moisturise the skin, with the addition of silicones to protect and repel water while the emollients go to work, and hexachlorophene to prevent infection in open cracks. Use SKIN REPAIR all the year round for your hands, face and body. Tubes 59c. Jars 95c. Convenient and economical dispenser jar \$2.25. From your family chemist.

ROUND ROBIN Adair

## PRESSING A LEGAL SUIT



I SEE that an English court has become a part-time "school," teaching teenage girls to improve their appearance.

As well as hearing charges in her court, Britain's youngest magistrate, 28-year-old Mrs. Helen Hunt, dishes out advice to girls on dressing, make-up, and deportment.

The Law, of course, is not inexperienced in fashion matters.

Lawyers wear wigs, and becoming a Q.C. is known as "taking silk."

Mrs. Hunt, however, goes quite a bit further. Her extra work, nevertheless, still sticks — or lipsticks — to the letter of the Law.

Hers is not only a Court of Petty Sessions but of petticoat sessions, too.

I imagine problems she can't solve about mini-skirts are referred to a higher court.

But on most problems she would be well fitted to rule.

With a girl who laughed at old-fashioned footwear, for instance, she could hold her in contempt of court-shoes.

And she could judge fabrics — in a role as Justice of the Plisse.

On the score of deportment, I presume Mrs. Hunt throws the book at girls — to balance on their heads.

She would always have a legal way to force a girl to take her advice on a dress.

She could issue a writ of *habeas corpus* — which, I understand, requires the recipient to hand over the bodice.

In a clothed court, naturally.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

## EYES RIGHT NOW

● The new eye look is pale brows in a smooth moon or half-moon curve above wide-open eyes made to look prettier than natural in subtle ways.



LOTS of girls appear to have ragged eyebrows simply because they don't brush the hairs into line. Brush brows the wrong way lightly; brush them straight up; now brush them out until every hair is in place.

To emphasise the eyes themselves, run a soft liner pencil along the edge of the upper lid below the roots of your lashes.

This is easier to do than it sounds. Stare straight into a mirror without blinking. Ideally, the line all but defies detection, defines the eye, and makes lashes look thicker.

There are lots of ways to use mascara and still look natural. Perhaps

the best way is to brush mascara on the lash tips; start with the brush edge about halfway along the lash line and pull it slowly out to the tips. One coat—not more than two—should do the trick.

Put a thin film of light oil on eyelids before applying eye-shadow and ensure that the color goes on smoothly.

Soft blues and greens are widely becoming to the young. Use brown shadow to lessen too much lid, white to make eyes seem wider apart. And if you like an even more subtle effect, powder over the color.

— CAROLYN EARLE



**Funny thing about Ellie**  
she spends so much time and effort and money on making herself look beautiful  
then she puts on her one and only pair of glasses.

Ellie's only glasses have neat plain tortoise-shell frames. There's no nonsense about them, they're perfectly functional and practical at the office when the pressure is on. Galoshes are perfectly functional and practical too, when it's raining. Very few women wear them at the discotheque. The golden rule of accessories is to choose for both costume and occasion. Eyewear can be the most personal and versatile of all accessories, yet there are so many — like Ellie — who go to no end of trouble preparing for an evening out and then plant their one and only pair of old-faithfuls squarely across their nose. It's a shame, and O.P.S.M. are now showing a range of hundreds of fashion frames to prove the point. All colours, all styles, to make all occasions more significant: daytime, after five, evening, theatre. And fashion spectacles are not expensive — they average about the same price as a good pair of shoes. At last count Ellie had sixteen good pairs of shoes. How about you?



**O.P.S.M.**  
Branches Everywhere  
OPTICAL PRESCRIPTIONS SPECTACLE MAKERS PTY. LTD.



# Give them fair play!

● Radio stations are playing certain discs far too often. As soon as a record by a big name like Normie Rowe or the Rolling Stones comes off restriction, DJs play it flat out. By the time the discs are released many people are tired of them, so naturally don't buy them, thus considerably bringing down sales. This is not only unfair to these artists but to others whose records are not given air-play because the big-name discs are played so often.

—C. GRIMSTER, Caringbah, N.S.W.



## LETTERS

### India revealed

IT is wonderful to live in Australia. We have plenty of room to breathe. We are not overrun by fatal diseases. Few people are out of work, and we are not poverty-stricken. A few years ago I visited India. You may think of it as a place of beautiful mosques, beautiful ladies, and beautiful white marble streets. To walk in Bombay is a revelation. It is a horrifying experience to see people lying in the gutters, half dead, their tummies swollen from malnutrition. Once again I say it is wonderful to live in Australia. — Judy van den Brenk, Ferny Creek, Vic.

### Wrong key

IT makes my blood boil every time I hear someone say that classical music is good and all popular music is trash. I don't understand how anyone can, or has the right to, say what good music is. I think some pop music is good, but I just don't like classical. Perhaps I am lacking in something, but I don't honestly see why classical music is supposed to be so marvellous. To me, some great works are just "noise." How does one tell what good music is? Surely it is what people feel within themselves. — Anne Moriarty, Edwardstown, S.A.

■ Surely teenagers do not lose any sleep over adult criticism? Although I like all the new weird and wonderful fashions that have burst on the scene, it is not hard to understand why they are criticised. Our behaviour is often unconventional, too, and in my opinion it is within the rights of an adult to condemn an act which all his life he has believed to be incorrect. As a teenager I am quite content, and hope I can remain so. To me our life is "made." With few responsibilities, and plenty to do, I cannot find time for trivialities such as being indignant over harmless criticism. — J. Roach, Woollooga, Qld.

### "What am I?"

WHAT is wrong with the world today? Adults do their utmost to confuse us teenagers. My present grouse is age. When I do something silly I'm told not to behave like a child. Yet often when I want to do something or go somewhere, the main objection is, "You're still only a child." Adults have it fixed that we can't leave school until we are 16, but at 14 we're old enough to pay full fares for buses, trains, and picture shows. What am I? An underaged adult or an overaged child? — "Mixed-Up," North Geelong, Vic.

I HAVE realised the necessity of good results in the School Certificate Examination this year, and because there are younger children and poor study facilities at home my parents have agreed to let me stay at my grandparents' during the school terms. I have already applied for a Saturday morning job, which pays \$4, and from this I will pay my grandparents \$3 board. Their house is much nearer to school, so I will save time and money on travel. I will still receive a weekly allowance from my parents for clothes, outings, etc. With this new arrangement I hope to get good results in the exams. — B. O'Neill, Ryde, N.S.W.

### Lead them "in"

AS a change from condemning squares, so-called "with-it" teenagers could do something about helping them. You will find that most conformists long more than anything to be part of the "in" group. The trouble is that they have no self-confidence. What they need is someone "with it" to befriend them and bring them out of their shell by subtly helping them with their appearance, and showing them that they are wanted. Don't be surprised if these squares turn out so "in" that you look square by comparison. — "Pigtails," Wangaratta, Vic.

### Let us be heard

WE teenagers are said to be ignorant of what is happening in the world today, and yet student demonstrators are reprimanded for not minding their own business. Although, admittedly, some just want to attract attention to themselves, others feel really deeply about Australia's problems. Why can't the youth of today have a say? — Margaret Jakobsen, Waradale Park, S.A.

### BAD TASTE

● Australian gemstones have great potential as high-class fashion jewellery, for, if tastefully set, they would appeal to all age groups. As it is, they are frequently mounted in tizzy settings that insult the stone they are meant to enhance. I suggest setting these treasures in dull silver or pewter for rings or bracelets, and using thin leather thongs for pendants. Some teenagers display their own polished stones on leather bootlaces, and these really look superb. — "Stones," East Devonport, Tas.



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## ONE APPLICATION LASTS FOR WEEKS!



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## STOP! DON'T RUN AWAY FROM IT!

How long have you been running away from the very idea of using Tampax menstrual tampons?

Too long!

If you count up all the problem days a woman faces in her lifetime, you will find that they will amount to more than five years! Five years of coping with the belt-pin-pad harness! Five years of making limp excuses for not joining in active sports! Five years of worrying about odour, telltale outlines — even the very problem of disposal!

Every girl — before she started to use Tampax tampons — thought about it for a while before making up her mind. That's all we ask you to do: think about it. But as long as you continue to run away from the idea you'll never enjoy the real advantages Tampax has to offer.

Won't you just stand still long enough to think about it?

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## BEATNIK





HERE'S  
YOUR



ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

## SHE ISN'T WILD ABOUT THE WEST

"I AM 20 and my boyfriend is 21. He is in his final year of a profession and wants us to become engaged soon. He has always been keen on working a property out west. I am certainly no country girl and, as he only knows as much about this kind of life as he sees on holidays at his uncle's property, I am not sure whether he could make the grade. My parents are not very happy about it. Do you think they are thinking of me or of themselves? (I am an only child.)"

"Worried," Qld.

• You suspect that you might not succeed as a country girl and that is possibly why your parents aren't happy. Only you can decide whether you love this boy enough to see him achieve his ambition — and stand by him if he fails.

## One boy too many

"I HAVE been going out with a boy, whom I will call A, for about six weeks, but now I realise there is someone else I like better. I have known this boy — I'll call him B — for nearly two years, and we are very good friends. We belong to an instrumental group, so I see quite a lot of him when we have practices, etc. Also, I have been told that A is jealous of our friendship, but he does not say anything to me. B is known to be a bit of a flirt, but he can be quite serious, too. Both these boys are good friends, which is all the more complicating. Should I break with A, or should I try to forget B?"

"Distressed," Vic.

• Two things are clear: Firstly, you cannot FORGET a boy with whom you have been "very friendly" for nearly two years and share the same interest (won't you see him at practices from time to time?). Secondly, it's quite obvious that you haven't given your heart to your present boyfriend, or you could never contemplate a break. So, the only answer is to set A free and stay friends with B. It may blossom into something more lasting, but, personally, I think C will appear on the scene of romance, leaving you in no doubt at all as to with whom your future really lies.

## Give him time!

"IT may sound trivial to you, but my boyfriend simply does not know how to kiss a girl properly. I really like him but for this one problem. He's kind, thoughtful, and fun to be with, but he kisses me as though he were saying goodnight to his aged grandmother. I am 19 and he is 23, and we have been seeing each other for nearly four months. What should I do?"

"Puzzled," Qld.

• Evidently he is sensitive and shy. When the time comes for deeper emotions, I am sure that he will know how to kiss "properly." In the meantime, don't frighten him away!

## THE PARTY

## IS JUST

## BEGINNING

"I AM 15. Several weeks ago I went to a schoolfriend's party and there met the boy who lives next door to her. We danced all night, but I don't know if he really likes me, as he is very quiet. I was hoping he would ring me, or that I would see him again somewhere. Although I was invited to the party, I cannot really ask myself to this girl's place, as she is not a close friend. Can you please think of some way I could see this boy again, as I do like him?"

"E.A.," N.S.W.

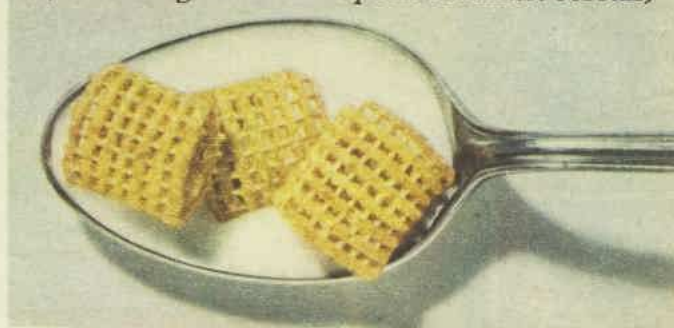
• Next time you and some girlfriends go on a group outing, next time you are invited to a party, or next time you have a party at your house, invite him over. I am sure he will be pleased to come, especially if he is shy.



# Keep your youngsters in great shape!



(serve the great new shape in breakfast cereals)



Now breakfast's in great shape — a crisp, shredded bite-size shape — Kellogg's Shredded Rice Chex and Corn Chex. They're a-jumpin' with good grain nourishment to help keep your youngsters in great shape, too. Look for Kellogg's new Shredded Rice Chex and Corn Chex at your store now.

Page 66

**Kellogg's** **SHREDDED CHEX**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1967



# BUTTERICK PATTERNS

3762.—Semi-fitted, shallow-necked dress with princess-seamed insets, long, slender sleeves, contrast collar, and cuffs, top stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3762

3906.—Semi-fitted, sleeveless, slightly A-line dress with self-tie belt. Pattern also has lined-to-edge open coat or jacket with three-quarter length or short raglan sleeves, slightly A-line panel-seamed skirt, and semi-fitted sleeveless overblouse. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.



3906

4069

4069.—One-piece fitted dress with raglan sleeves and neckline variations. Optional purchased belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3904

9946

4102.—Semi-fitted A-line dress with wide, jewel neckline and full-length or elbow-length bell sleeves. With or without contrast bands on sleeve and neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



4102

9946.—Dress-length muu-muu with curved double yoke and short, straight sleeves with turn-back cuffs. Long version also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.



3904.—Girl's short-sleeved dress with contrast puritan collar, ribbon belt, and bow. A variety of necklines, trims, and sleeve lengths in pattern. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.



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NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 1, 1967

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MR. MARKS, a passenger, was robbed by the astro-pirates, who seemed to know his name. Only Mr. Marks' secretary, Axel, knew that he would be carrying diamonds. READ ON:



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Phantoms in Portia's pain (11).
- A bird and not a small market (7).
- Little Pamela and father on a plain in S. America (5).
- Culinary herbs like onions (5).
- Shakespeare told in Act IV, scene 1 of "The Tempest" that our little life is so with a sleep (7).
- One of the two between the best winners (4).
- Image of a god (4).
- Discovered by Columbus in 1492 (7).
- Having a strong offensive smell (5).
- Name of the chief woman character in Shaw's "Pygmalion" (5).
- Big, lean and comes from a European country (7).
- Trap hen sees (anagr., 11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

### DOWN

- Omen starting with a drink (7).
- French city on the Rhone (5).
- A resident doctor of a hospital (6).
- Restrain within limit with the help of a devil on the top (7).
- Designated in a mediator (5).
- Makes things better and chides at the end (11).
- These female servants are probably manicurists (11).
- Mimic and consumed at the end (7).
- A network of crossed bars (7).
- Mode of opening a game of chess (6).
- A plant of the heath genus in a rice (5).
- Deceiving, though outwardly could be safe (5).

Solution will be published next week.



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TO EVERY READER  
OF WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
JOINING A FABULOUS

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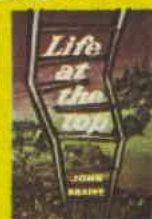
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Doctor and Lover   | <input type="checkbox"/> The Clocks                      | <input type="checkbox"/> They Used Dark Forces  |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Life At The Top    | <input type="checkbox"/> Two Up                          | <input type="checkbox"/> The Scorpion Letters   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Green Felt Jungle  |  |   |

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